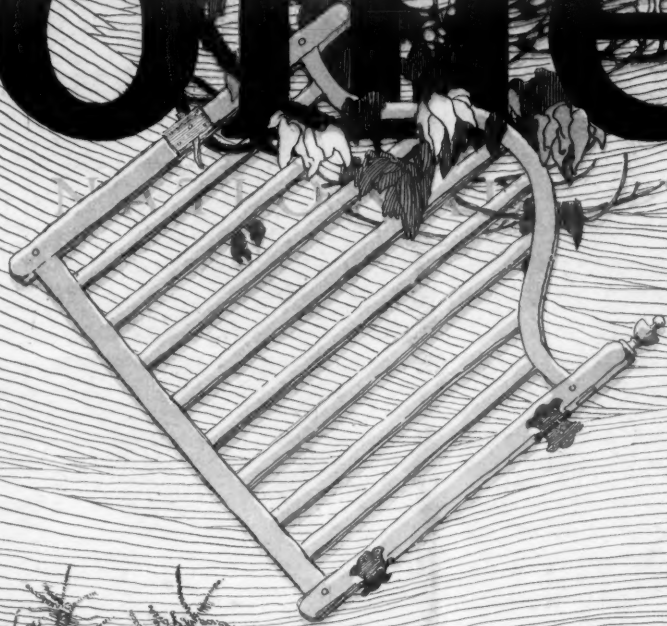


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Colliers'

THE WEEKLY



WALTER O. & EMILY SHAW REE

**BROOKLYN LOTS NEAR PROPOSED SUBWAY \$890.
\$10. DOWN \$7. A MONTH**

Subway Lots Bring Millions

THERE is nothing more certain than the effect of subways on New York City real estate. The corner of 149th St. and Third Ave.—8 miles from City Hall—was assessed in 1900, before subways were built, for \$7,914. In 1910, when the subway was completed, this same lot was valued by the assessors at \$98,444, showing an increase of over 1100 per cent., and this is only one instance out of a great many.

Manhattan—Old New York—has had her subways. IT IS NOW BROOKLYN'S TURN. Our City officials have recently voted for the construction of a four-track subway into the densely congested districts of Manhattan, to be connected with the improved elevated and Subway lines of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company. It will take a few years to complete this tremendous undertaking and there is always a possibility that a large city like this may fall short in carrying out all that it has promised, but we believe that our officials will see that every pledge is fulfilled, and we know that subways in Brooklyn will add millions and millions of dollars to its real estate values.

To-day we offer you Brooklyn lots—all of which are located within 2,500 feet or 10 minutes' walk of one of the subway routes approved by the Public Service Commission—as low as \$890, and on a payment of \$10 down and \$7 per month. We will hold with you a large proportion of our land until these subways are well under way or completed, so that we, too, may obtain subway prices for a part of our holdings at least. Everybody knows that subways will bring millions to Brooklyn real estate—some doubt whether Brooklyn will get subways, notwithstanding the official act of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment.

We must meet this doubt and show our own faith by such a guarantee as will make you as nearly safe as we can afford to. If you are willing to divide your profits with us, and will read the guarantee below, you will see that by this guarantee you only run the risk of losing the interest on your money, for under the terms of same you can either get your principal back if you wish at the end of your contract, or have the alternative right to keep your lot and receive back all of the interest you have paid us.

Now, our selling prices have increased for the past ten years on an average of, perhaps, 10 to 20 per cent. a year without any material improvements in transportation, and this increase should go on through the normal growth of Brooklyn. This does not mean that the cash selling prices of Brooklyn lots have increased 10 to 20 per cent. each year—some years the cash price has increased much faster and some years not at all. We do not think you can afford to neglect to write us for fuller details of this plan or, better still, send first payment of \$10 per lot to secure the best selection and remember that our offer also carries with it—high-class improvements free, free deed or return of money in case of death, free round trip (railroad fare) not exceeding \$36, and a return of every dollar you have paid us if upon inspection of your purchase within one year you are in any respect not satisfied with your investment.

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED

Come to New York at any time within a year after you purchase, visit our properties, keep what you have if you think it is the best bargain of our \$10,000,000 holdings, change to any other lot if you will or go to our cashier's desk and get back every dollar you have paid us. It is all the same to us. We would prefer to have you a good friend and not a customer rather than a customer and not a good friend; but a decision is required at the time of examination of the property and it is not extended to those who do not visit New York within the said year. In other words we do not give options. We do give you 12 months to examine your property and get your money back if you are not satisfied.

Our "FREE TRIP" and "MONEY BACK" offers are both limited to one year from date of purchase.

OUR "BROOKLYN SUBWAY GUARANTEE"

If you will agree to give us one-half the profits on your investment, we will guarantee that before the monthly installment period (as provided in your contract for the purchase of lots) is completed, rapid transit trains will be running within 2500 feet of your lot into the densely congested district of Manhattan for a 5c fare. (Many lots are nearer, but this is the maximum distance). You can buy your lots if you want to without this guarantee, but if you are in doubt, this guarantee should certainly remove the doubt. If rapid transit trains are not running, as aforesaid, by the end of said installment period, we will agree to either take your lot off your hands at the original price you paid for it, or, at your option, pay you six per cent. interest on your money for the entire period it has been in the property and let you keep the lot. Three plans are open to you:

1. Buy without the guarantee and keep all the profits.
2. Agree to give us one-half of your profits and, in case the subways shall not be built, as above guaranteed, take back the price you paid us, or
3. Keep your lots and take 6 per cent. in cash.

This guarantee is limited to purchases made before January 1st, 1912; will be incorporated in the agreement of purchase and contain one condition, namely, that we shall have the right to sell the property at any time when a profit of not less than 100 per cent. on the cash invested can be secured.

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Bradstreet's and Dun's rate us higher than any other real estate concern in the world. For further information, apply to any commercial agency, bank, trust company or to any of the prominent magazines of the country and you can secure complete information as to our financial standing and reputation.

WRITE TO-NIGHT. RIGHT AWAY

INCREASES DUE TO THE SUBWAY IN UPPER NEW YORK

Description	Value of Lot before subway was completed	Value of Lot after subway was completed
Lot on East Side of 10th Avenue between 206th and 207th Streets.	\$1,100 in 1904	\$12,600 today
Lot corner of Post Avenue and Emerson St. (100x100)	4,000 in 1899	75,000 today
Six lot plot on 207th St. near 10th Ave.	9,600 in 1904	52,000 today

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Oct. 28

Collier's

Saturday, October 28, 1911

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Editorial Bulletin

Saturday, October 28, 1911

Comment on Congress

Q Mr. Sullivan's discussions of national politics are resumed in this issue and will appear every week. For the present, until Congress meets again, Mr. Sullivan will deal with various aspects of the coming Presidential election, the personalities of the candidates for the Republican and Democratic nominations, the chances of each candidate for success, the present status of the Insurgent movement, and other features of the national political situation. As soon as Congress meets in December, Mr. Sullivan will resume his familiar Comment on Congress as a regular feature

The Great Review of the Battle Fleet

Q Never before has the American flag flown over such a powerful fleet as the one which is now assembling in the Hudson River. Six dreadnoughts, eighteen battleships, twenty-two destroyers with their mother ships, sixteen torpedo boats, eight submarines, plus a quota of colliers and other auxiliaries, are to be reviewed by the Secretary of the Navy on October 31, and, if arrangements permit, on the following day the President will inspect the Atlantic battle fleet. The review will show our people how the navy has grown, and what it still lacks. In the issue of November 4 Collier's will reproduce in four colors a double-page painting of this great armada. It will convey the great strength of the fleet, as the gray fighters swing to the tide among the commerce of the harbor, the towering skeleton masts outlined against the evening sky. It will be a picture not of enumerated ships but of sea power.

Purity Is the Best Policy

An Article by Professor L. B. Allyn of the Westfield Normal School on the Lessons of the New York Pure-Food Show

Q No article published in Collier's in recent years has aroused the interest of the articles, "Westfield—A Pure-Food Town," in the issue of August 26, and "Here Are Foods That Are Pure" in the issue of September 2. Supplementing these two articles, Professor L. B. Allyn, whose work at the Westfield Normal School has insured pure food for the inhabitants of Westfield, Massachusetts, has prepared for Collier's an article on the recent pure-food show held in New York City. This was the greatest pure-food exposition ever held, and the public crowded Madison Square Garden for a week in its thirst for knowledge in regard to food products that are pure and unadulterated.

Last Call for the Vacation Prize Contest

First Prize \$100 : : : Second Prize \$50
All Other Accepted Manuscripts \$25

Q We have announced another Vacation Prize Contest under the same conditions as the one held last year. One hundred dollars will be paid for the best manuscript of a thousand words or less, describing an actual vacation experience; \$50 will be the second prize, and \$25 will go to the writer of every other manuscript we accept.

Contributions Must be Mailed Before November 1

Q And while we received an even greater response to this contest than to those of the past three years, every manuscript will be carefully read by the judges, and the prizes will be announced before the end of the year. Contributors are urged not to roll their manuscripts and, if it is possible, to have them typewritten. We are especially anxious to secure a few good photographs in connection with each manuscript. On its back every photograph should be described and the name and address of the sender should also be written. The article and the photographs should be sent in the same envelope and should be addressed to the Vacation Editor, Collier's, 416 West 13th Street, New York City. The manuscripts MUST be limited to one thousand words.

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers



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If we cannot satisfy you with the piano we will pay the freight for its return. This is the fairest offer ever made. It means 365 days' Approval Test, besides 30 days' Free Trial and three years' time to pay if satisfied.

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TRY ONE FREE Send no money in advance. Just send us a paper pattern or accurate dimensions of a chair or seat to be cushioned. We will send you samples of materials, illustrations and delivered price, with particulars on the full line of Kenyon cushions. After you have made your selection we will make the cushion as ordered and send it to you, express prepaid. Take it and use it. Prove it for yourself, and if after 10 days' free trial, you are perfectly satisfied send us the price (\$1.50 and up according to size, shape and material). If not satisfied, we'll take the cushion off your hands at no expense to you whatever. Write today naming your dealer. This offer is limited.

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Always look for the name "Shackamaxon" stamped on the back of every yard. If you don't find it, the fabric isn't Shackamaxon.

Write us for the new Shackamaxon fall style book and correct dress chart; also the name of a tailor near you handling Shackamaxon fabrics.

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Tools and Materials Furnished FREE.

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Write today for free catalog.

COYNE NATIONAL TRADE SCHOOLS
92 E. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.

**BE
YOUR
OWN
BOSS**

Weekly letter to readers on advertising No. 42

EXERCISING a rigid censorship over Collier's advertisements means more than appears on the surface.

It means that not only the advertisements must not be misleading, but that the advertisers must faithfully fulfill every part of their agreements in selling to you.

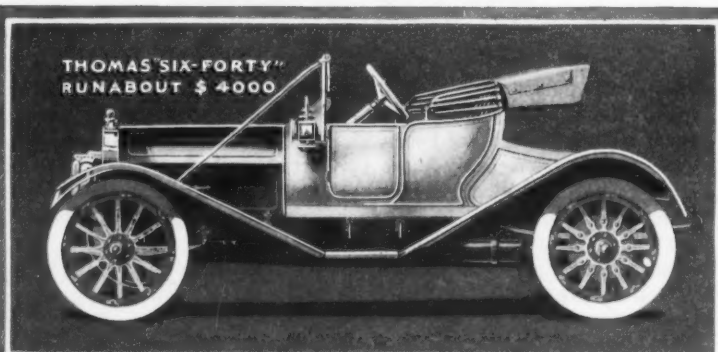
A certain advertiser has been using Collier's regularly. His copy is exceptionally attractive. The value and reliability of the product advertised is unquestioned.

But a subscriber complained. And a few days later another subscriber complained. Both said that after they had ordered the goods advertised, the advertiser made use of their names to send them circular matter of a medical nature.

On investigating, I found that this was true. This advertiser, who had been admitted to Collier's on the strength of excellent goods and copy that met all requirements, was employing business methods that were offensive to our subscribers as well as to ourselves.

In order that we may live up to the spirit as well as the letter of our rule to protect you, this advertiser has been denied the further use of Collier's columns.

E. L. Patterson.
Manager Advertising Department



It was in Nineteen Hundred and Five that the Thomas factory produced its first six cylinder car. Working entirely upon this one type of motor enables the whole organization to concentrate its thought and effort solely upon problems of six cylinder construction.



THOMAS DECLARATIONS (No. 2)

We assert that the upholstery of the 1912 Thomas Six-Forty is deeper, softer, better shaped, more luxurious, more restful for touring than in any other car made in this country or abroad.

Our catalogue "The Story of the Thomas" gives full particulars.

E. R. Thomas Motor Car Company, Dept. H. Buffalo

BURROWES BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE



Become an Expert at Home!

Every young man should know how to play Billiards and Pool, the most interesting, attractive and healthful of all indoor games. Likewise every young man wants to excel at the game, so as to hold his own with his friends. But many people object to playing in "billiard parlors," which usually are back rooms of saloons.

Why not purchase a Burrowes Home Billiard and Pool Table, and become an expert at home? The Burrowes Table is scientifically constructed and adapted to the most expert play. The cues, balls, cushions and angles are absolutely true and correct, hence to learn to play on a Burrowes Home Table means to become proficient on a stationary table. Sizes of tables up to 4' x 9 feet, (standard) with smaller tables for smaller rooms.

The Burrowes Table may be set on dining-room or library table, or mounted on its own legs or stand. When not in use, it may be set aside out of the way.

\$1⁰⁰ DOWN

Prices: \$6, \$15, \$25, \$35, \$45, \$55, \$75, etc., and up. Terms: \$1 or more down and the balance in a small payment each month, depending upon style and size of Table selected.

Free Trial NO RED TAPE—On receipt of first installment, we will ship Table. You may play on it one week. If unsatisfactory, return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. Write today for catalog illustrating and describing the Tables, giving prices, terms of payment and all other information.

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"D. & P." Gloves retail for \$1.50, \$2., \$2.50 and up. If your regular shop can't serve you with "D. & P.," write to us for the name of a dealer near you and for our dainty Glove Book "A" from which you can order by mail. Address

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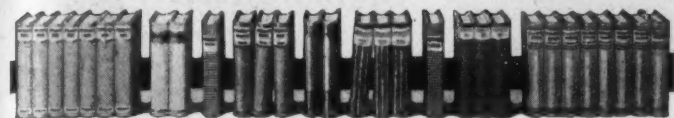


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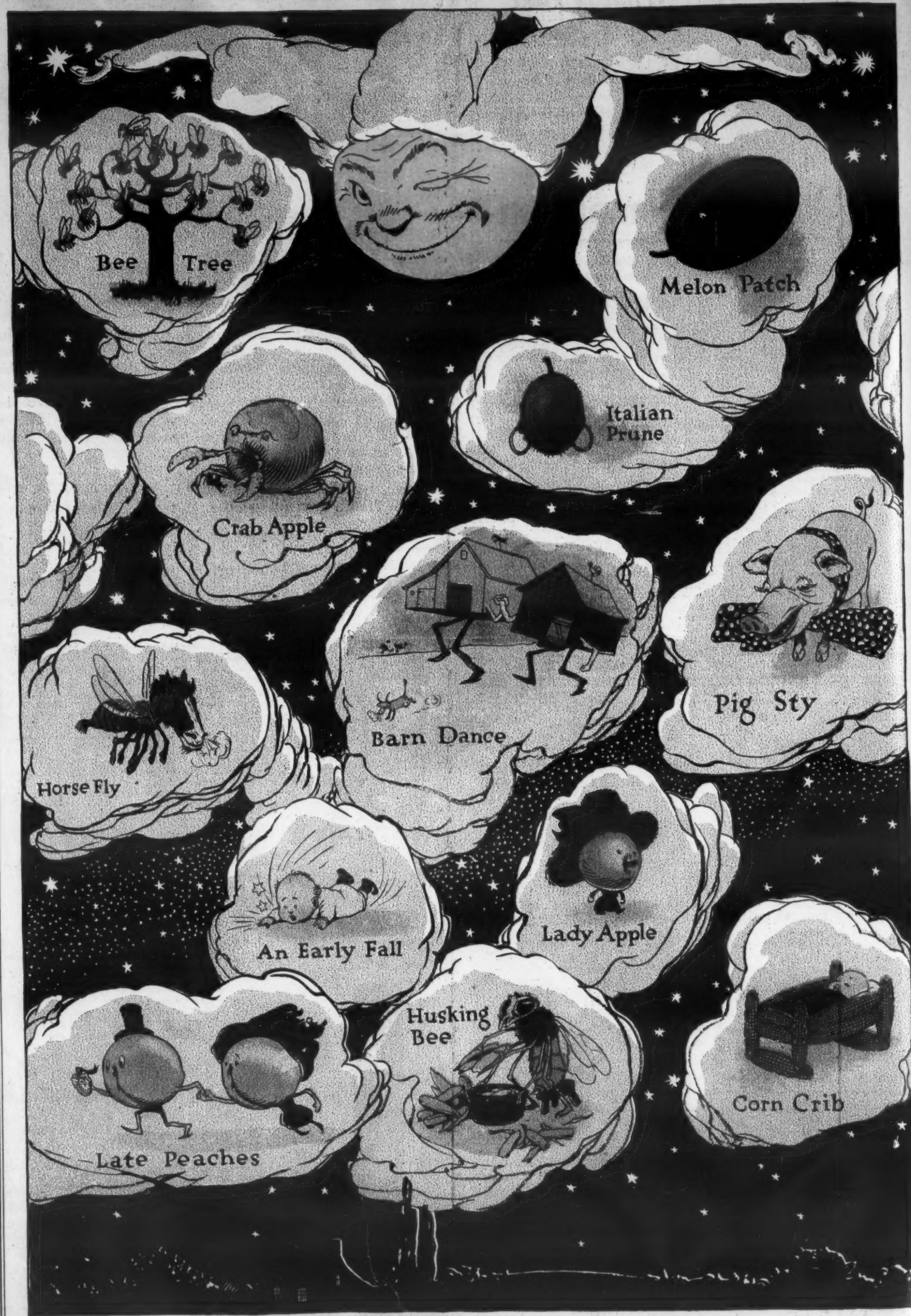
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Vol. *xlvi*, No. 6

NEW YORK

October 28, 1911

Hitchcock's Ideas

IMPORTANCE, if nothing else, is attributed by FRANK HITCHCOCK to his own position. Congress exists. He has it on his hands. But he can outwit it, unless the courts interfere, or unless Congress becomes even more explicit. After the House of Representatives last winter refused to be used as a club to punish muckraking, by raising second-class rates without any expert investigation of costs, FRANK conceived the device of accomplishing his end by the extension of his own powers.

SOCRATES: When Congress created four classes of mail, did it not intend to have the various components of any one class treated alike?

FRANK: I don't know what it intended.

SOCRATES: Do you conceive that if you chose to send post cards by slow freight, you would be justified in taking that step?

FRANK: I do.

SOCRATES: Why would you object to an investigation of costs by expert accountants?

FRANK: You don't understand politics.

SOCRATES: May I quote again, even if it produce anachronism, "arithmetic is the mother of the sciences and the basis of safety"?

FRANK: You may quote anything you like.

HITCHCOCK's exceptions are diverting beyond measure. The "Review of Reviews," to which time is important, as it handles news, is not excepted, but the "American Brewer," "Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular," and the "Brewers' Journal" are excepted. We have the greatest respect for the "Invited Guest," but are not sure that it, the "Evening Sky Map," "Olive Trees," the "Soda Fountain," and "Toilettes" need this special exception any more than it is needed by the "World's Work." HITCHCOCK's list is a joke. He has not come to the weeklies yet, but when he does we imagine that the "Outlook" and the "Literary Digest," which need to keep up as far as possible to the hour, will be delivered five days later on the Pacific Coast, while "Pick-Me-Up," "Welcome," and the "Household Realm" will be delivered promptly on time. If the head of the Post Office Department were a business man and not a politician, he would encourage Congress to appoint a joint committee with powers to look into this vast business organization in the same way that a big modern private business proceeds when it wishes to discover how it can reduce costs or increase efficiency.

A Government Function

MR. BRANDEIS, in the "Engineering Magazine" for the present month, makes an interesting contribution to economic discussion. He believes that in order to promote efficiency and establish unit standards, the Government should now have a Government bureau, to do for railroads what has been done in other lines through the various bureaus of the Agricultural Department, the Department of Commerce and Labor, and the Department of the Interior. We recommend this article to Congressmen and other students. It seems to us significant even beyond the railroad point of view. The Government has properly to-day a great function in industrial business. It should not be confined to mere prohibition, although on the other hand it certainly should not extend to the regulation of prices and outputs. While we reject monopoly and demand competition, we should strive for that kind of competition which carries the benefits of cooperation. In that cooperation the Government should play the part of aiding the education of the community in those advances with which all should be equipped, and the competent are now partly equipped. In a small degree the Government now performs that service in its consular work; its statistical departments; its numerous publications concerning business. In the field of agriculture it has made much more important contributions. There will be left plenty of room for competition in business, after all data which should be of common knowledge are given to the citizens. Present social and industrial demands logically invite increase of Government functions. The knowledge of business which might come through bureaus of costs and experimental stations is essential to wise legislation and administration. Undoubtedly, a clear distinction will have to be drawn, in the scope and conduct of such bureaus, when dealing with businesses private in their nature and competitive, as distinguished from public monopolistic businesses, like railroads. The field for Government action extends nevertheless to the realm of private businesses. There also what the Government should enter is less the field of prohibition, or the field of regulation, than the constructive field of ascertainment, experiment, and education.

Leasing

WHAT WOULD THOMAS JEFFERSON do about Alaska if he were living now? While he was President, on November 8, 1807, he wrote to ALBERT GALLATIN, his Secretary of the Treasury: "I am afraid we know too little as yet of the lead mines to establish a permanent system. I verily believe that of leasing will be the best for the United States." This voice from their favorite statesman should have some weight with the Democrats in Congress. President TAFT said during his present trip:

With reference to Alaska, I have already said that the difficulty about the country is that the amount of lying that has gone on with respect to those who are seeking to develop it has greatly interfered with the progress of legislation which we all desire. I hope the premium upon muckraking is growing less and less, and, as the profit grows less, muckraking will be less.

These remarks were made on the same day that the President was the guest in Seattle of RICHARD A. BALLINGER and Congressman HUMPHREYS. Nevertheless, in spite of his bitterness against muckrakers, Mr. TAFT now favors leasing the public domain instead of giving it away. A bill settling the national policy will probably be passed next winter. By talk against muckraking, delivered under the wing of BALLINGER, the President does not increase the probability that this bill will be an Administration measure. The country knows, and Congress knows, that muckraking helped to stop the theft of an industrial empire. The Democrats and the Insurgents are preparing a program. If the President cannot strike a wiser note, but insists on repeating a reactionary and hollow whine, he will have to swallow unwillingly, or veto, a measure prepared by those who love him not.

A Humble Opinion

THE ENFORCEMENT of the Pure Food and Drugs Act will be safer when freed from the possibility of MCCABE's forgeries.

Farmers, Look Out!

THE STORY of the struggle within farm organizations is one of the most dramatic in the history of the development of democracy in America. The farmer is often looked upon as a mossback; yet we have had nothing in our history more liquid or mobile than the rise of the farmers' grange, or the farmers' alliance movement. It was the farmers who first gave voice to the fundamental democracy which is creating the progressive Democracy and the insurgent Republicanism of to-day. To be able to dominate the great agricultural alliances is a tremendous political asset. For years the governing body of the National Grange has been controlled by certain powerful factors whose activity in national politics is everywhere recognized. Its organization is in the hands of forces as reactionary as any political ring. The extension of the Grange has been deliberately forestalled, its influence minimized. As big interests have controlled bar associations, chambers of commerce, and boards of trade, in order to control public sentiment and public usefulness, so likewise they have secured control of the National Grange, and used it for their own purposes. The isolation of the farmer compels him to trust his leaders. Without publicity he cannot know conditions. The struggle to correct these conditions is now on. The election of officers will take place at the annual session of the Grange at Columbus, Ohio, November 15 next. Whether the present officials are defeated or not, a searching investigation into Grange affairs will reveal some startling conditions and alliances.

Our Vice President

JAMES S. SHERMAN has about as enlightened an outlook, in those large matters with which statesmen are supposed to deal, as Uncle JOE CANNON, but much less originality and shrewdness. Speaking about Conservation the other day Mr. SHERMAN observed: "I am willing to give the coming generation credit for being as smart as we are. I believe that they will find fuel. It may be that they will invent appliances to squeeze out of the air the thing that will light and heat the homes." This kind of cheap optimism, which removes from our political representatives any obligation to build solidly for the future, on the plea that luck will fix everything, was a favorite with the old school, of which CANNON was the most amusing leader. It led Uncle JOE to oppose every constructive measure, from the great Reclamation Act to the Appalachian Bill. It is easy, nevertheless, to understand Uncle JOE's hold on the public. That as stupid and shortsighted an individual as SHERMAN, however, should be Vice President of the

United States, without a single quality to recommend him, has to be accounted for in another way, and nothing explains it except the part that machine government still plays in our beloved country.

Hit the Tiger

THOSE WHO VOTED a year ago to turn New York State over to Tammany Hall, especially who did it in order to reprimand THEODORE ROOSEVELT, have had a chance to observe about the worst government to be found in any civilized land. They have a chance to undo a part of the harm they did, by lessening the Tiger's power. They have a chance to take the Assembly away from Tammany. Every halfway independent citizen is sick of the present year's awful record. The only doubt is caused by our old friend Apathy. Any resident of New York State who is worth the name of citizen should get out and swat the Tiger on November 7.

Where They Go

THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA was once a professional pitcher. A famous fielder on ANSON's team is now succeeding conspicuously as the Rev. WILLIAM SUNDAY, revivalist. A. G. SPALDING failed in his attempt to get into the United States Senate, but he and GEORGE WRIGHT acquired fame in business after they left the diamond. Pop ANSON entered politics, where he did none too well. Many leading players become owners or managers, like COMISKEY, MACK, MCGRAW, HANLON, JENNINGS, GRIFFITH. One successful pitcher is now advertising manager for a publication frequently known as "The National Weekly." If a college education is worth as much as it is supposed to be, the baseball experts of to-day ought to do better in after life than those of twenty or thirty years ago. JOHNNY WARD used to have his college origin held up as something exceptional, and now things have changed so much that CONNIE MACK sends away the great player JACKSON because of lack of education. Many, of course, now as always, must pass into obscurity, and some into poverty and hardship, but that fate is only what befalls many in every walk. Even COBB in a few years will have to show his fitness for some other kind of work, or take his place upon the toboggan. A few, to be sure, are able to save enough to live on comfortably, and WAGNER and YOUNG intend to retire to country life, as OVERALL did a year ago. Not many can be famous through their children, as SID FARRAR is. Will any go back to the occupations which they left? How would King COLE like again to be a barber, SMITH a piano mover, RUCKER a printer, FISHER a school teacher, or CAREY a student in divinity? A fair portion at any rate will succeed. Ask almost any college graduate, however serious and intelligent, whether he would be willing to give a few years of his life to service in the major leagues and he will answer yes.

A Clear Issue

THE MOST IMPORTANT ELECTION in the United States this year will be held by Massachusetts. The result of it will be accepted generally as a forecast of the coming Presidential year. Fortunately the lines have been made perfectly clear. The Republicans, under the leadership of Senator LODGE, have accepted frankly, even gladly, the Standpat position. They glory in it. They believe that the touch of industrial depression that has come to parts of Massachusetts in common with the rest of the country, will make tariff agitation unpopular. "Defend your dinner pails and dividends," they cry. They go the whole length and even, in their convention, turned down a resolution favoring reciprocity with Canada. The Democrats under Foss have with equal gladness and emphasis accepted the other position. They are for tariff revision, reciprocity, and the restoration of competition. Nowhere in recent history, in this country, have the Standpat and Progressive been so squarely lined up. There is nothing in Massachusetts to correspond to the Insurgent movement; any Republican who doesn't believe in the leadership of ALDRICH, LODGE, and Uncle JOE must get out and vote the Democratic ticket. To make the lines still more definite, Democrats of the big business and protective tariff type have publicly avowed their support of the Republican ticket. The State officers to be elected, of course, will have nothing whatever to do with the tariff, and the campaign ought to be conducted on State issues, but the Republican machine thinks its greater hope lies in the Standpat position on national questions. One reason is that Foss, the Democratic candidate for reelection, has in general given effective service, including admirable judicial appointments. The subject is more fully discussed by Mr. SULLIVAN elsewhere in this issue.

In a New Dress

IT IS ALWAYS A PLEASURE to see an increase in the number of really excellent periodicals. Taking all the publications together they form a host, but those which stand out as contributing either to the cultivation or the information of the public are few. The "Metropolitan" comes out for November in a new form with attractive appearance and a really remarkable list of contents. It is a special satisfaction to have Mr. DUNNE talking to the public, the oftener the better. Apart from him, the list of contents is exceptional in interest and standard, including MAURICE HEWLETT, RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, ARNOLD BENNETT, and STEPHEN BONSAI. The "Metropolitan" in its present form is practically a new magazine. We most heartily wish it the success which it promises to deserve.

A Bright Future

THE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE at Cornell University is presided over by L. H. BAILEY. The advice which the director gave to the students at the opening of this college year was brief and stirring. He told them that there was no excellence without labor; that the best vacations consist in change of work; that the busiest persons usually have the most time because they work quickly and surely and overlook what is not essential. Good work depends on an even temper. This can be acquired; indeed "the most effective evenness of keel is one that is held in turbulent seas." Each student should give himself lessons in the art of keeping cool. Many troubles solve themselves if they are let alone. One may walk fast without being in a hurry. Director BAILEY's second point was that the student in agriculture in these days is fitting himself for a great progress. "The burden of civilization will fall more and more on the man who produces the supplies out of the earth. We begin to see the end of the process of merely appropriating the supplies that lie in new and untried places." Students, therefore, in agriculture, are fitting themselves to take part in a true regeneration. They are a large part of the fraternity which is to build a sufficient country life.

As You Like It

IN DISCUSSING the Columbus "Medical Journal" we observed that Dr. CARR said on the cover that "All druggists are poisoners," while on the back of the same sheet he advertised Antikamnia and Codeine Tablets for grippe, headaches, coughs, etc. The doctor now points out to us that he said "druggers," not "druggists," and we are glad to make the correction, whatever weight our readers may be inclined to attribute to the bearing of this distinction on the question of consistency.

An Interesting Speech

MEYER LONDON, a lawyer often employed by strikers in New York to deal for them with their bosses, has been telling several thousand sympathizers with the McNamara brothers that the real problem of the masses came not so much from the deliberate oppressions of the rich as from their own lack of vision. He said that so long as workingmen found more to interest them in the issue of the Giants versus the Cubs than in the study of their own economic condition they could depend upon it that they would get their music in the steam whistle solos of Factoryville, while the rich alone enjoyed the operas, and would remain accustomed to the hum of the sewing machines while the rich wore the fine clothing sewn upon them. As to the McNamaras, he voiced the hope that they have not proved themselves so stupid as to employ dynamite to do that which only more education and more love and light can ever bring about. From each critical battle into which MEYER LONDON projects his influence, there is an increased faith in him among employers and employees alike. The "Joint Board of Sanitary Control," which is revolutionizing conditions in the vast cloak and suit and dressmaking industries, is a recent contribution of his to industrial progress. Six months of experience with it among the cloak-makers caused employers in that trade to recommend it heartily to their brother employers in all the allied industries, the union leaders joining by resolution in the recommendation.

The Rochester Movement

ONE CONSPICUOUS ELEMENT in the history of to-day is the ferment taking place in business. We no longer make the same distinction between commercial honesty and private honesty that we used to make. The standard is becoming more nearly the same. Incidentally it may be remarked again that the greatest claim THEODORE ROOSEVELT will have on the approval of the future is the part which for thirty years he has taken in spurring the people onward toward this ideal. Nowhere perhaps is the change more clearly illustrated at the present moment than in the town of Rochester, New York. Certain general conditions there are rather widely known. We now wish to comment on the method in which the Rochester Railway and Light Company is appealing to its patrons. It sends out a booklet in which it announces that it is not living for to-day alone, but is building for the future. "We want your business for the next hundred years, and again the highest commercialism would dictate that we should not get it in the first place, unless we can make it to your interest to give us the business for the extent of our natural lifetime." That is not the whole story. The company goes on to make a remark characteristic of the business men of the whole country to-day, more so than it has ever been characteristic of them in any era since COLUMBUS discovered our shores. "We are human beings and know that life won't be happy for us if we do not carry with us the consciousness that everything that we have gained has been gained on the highest standard of integrity. Each individual of us has to live with himself, and therefore wants to feel that he has been of some service to his fellow men, and to his city in contributing something that is worth while as the product of his life work." Holding these general views of life, the company has surrounded itself with a group of men of ideals and ethical standards, the sort of men who could not be hired to sell things in which they did not themselves believe. The company looks for its welfare in the increased activity and success of customers. Every year sees more American business men take the attitude thus distinctly and interestingly proclaimed.

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

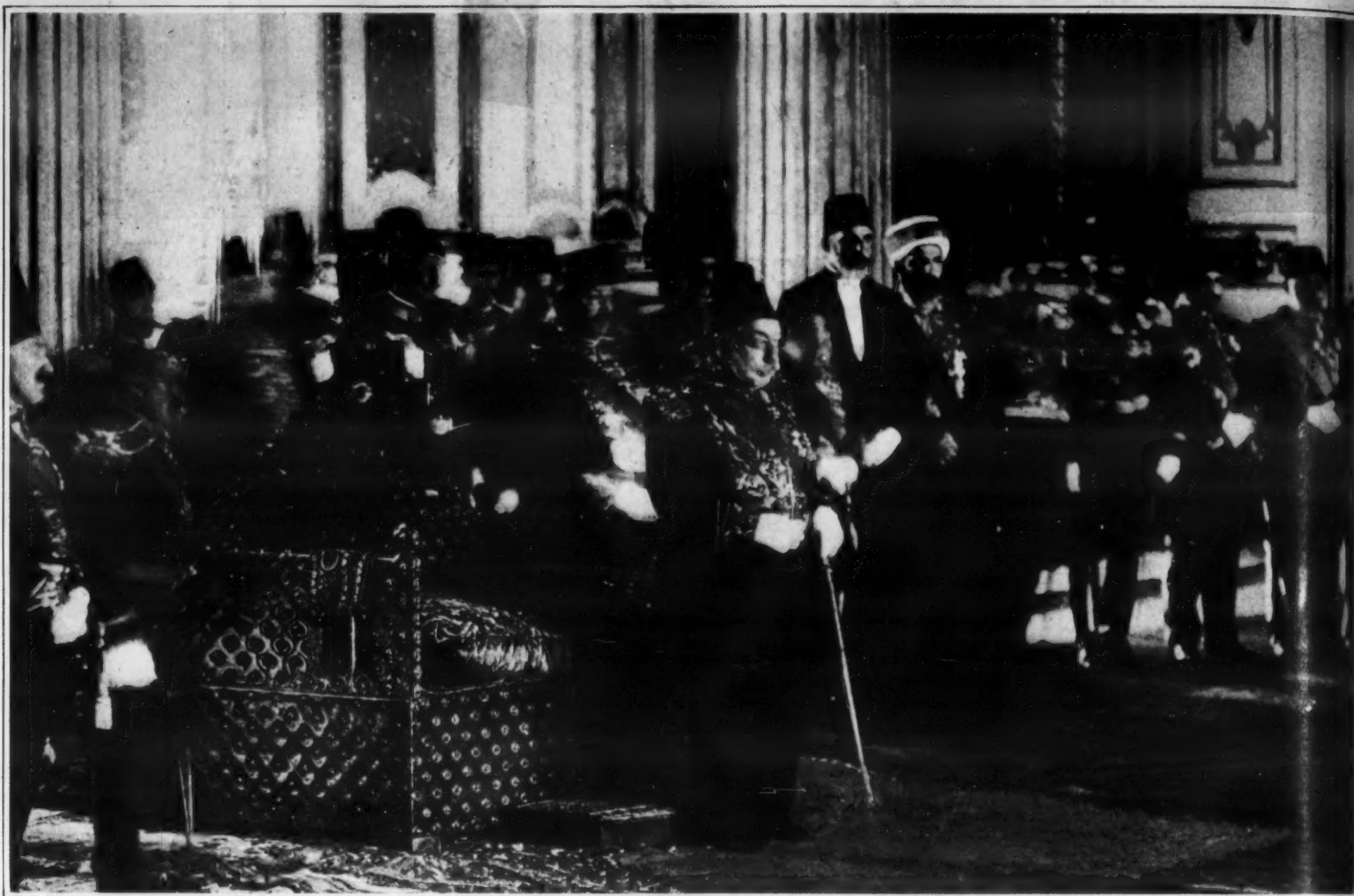
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS



President Taft on the Edge of Ricksecker Point, in the Glacier Fields of Mount Rainier

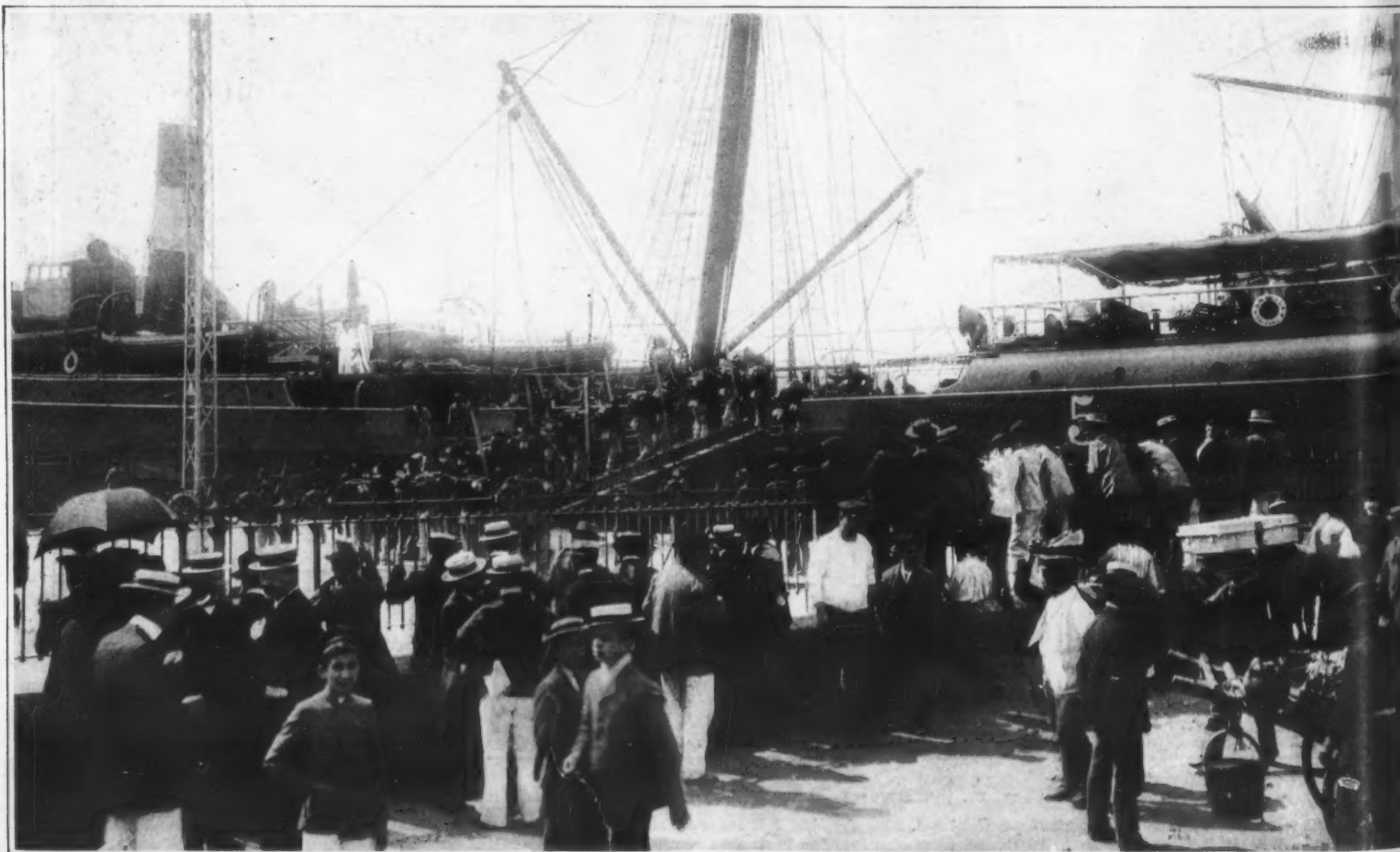
The picture was taken Sunday afternoon, October 8, when President Taft and party made an automobile trip of 75 miles from Tacoma to the Camp of the Clouds, 6,700 feet above sea level. At the point where the President is standing, he could have dropped a pebble exactly 700 feet to the bottom of Paradise Cañon. The point is one of the most dangerous places on the new Government road from Tacoma to the foot of the glacier, which is the source of the Nisqually River

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



Mohammed V, Sultan of Turkey, Surrounded by His Ministers, Holding a Reception in His Palace at Constantinople

The ultimatum of Italy caused the resignation of the Turkish Cabinet, Said Pasha succeeding Hakki Pasha as the Grand Vizier. The new incumbent found great difficulty in forming a cabinet, and at one time it was rumored that he too had resigned. It is said that the new cabinet is preparing a proposal to cede Tripoli to Italy in exchange for territory in Erythrea and Italian Somaliland. The Turkish Government is using every argument to induce the powers, especially Germany, to intervene.



Italian Troops Embarking at Naples on October 8 for the Occupation of Tripoli

With the exception of a small number of malcontents belonging to the anti-war party, the Italian people have welcomed the hostilities with Turkey, and the embarkation of troops has been the occasion for enthusiastic demonstrations, the people forming processions and parading through the streets singing the national songs.

A RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS



The French Republic Honors the Victims of the Battleship Liberté

On October 3 the funeral services were held at Toulon for the French sailors who lost their lives in the destruction of the battleship Liberté, on September 25. The services began with a requiem mass celebrated by Archbishop Frejus at the Church of Saint Louis. Funeral orations were delivered by President Fallières and M. Delcassé.

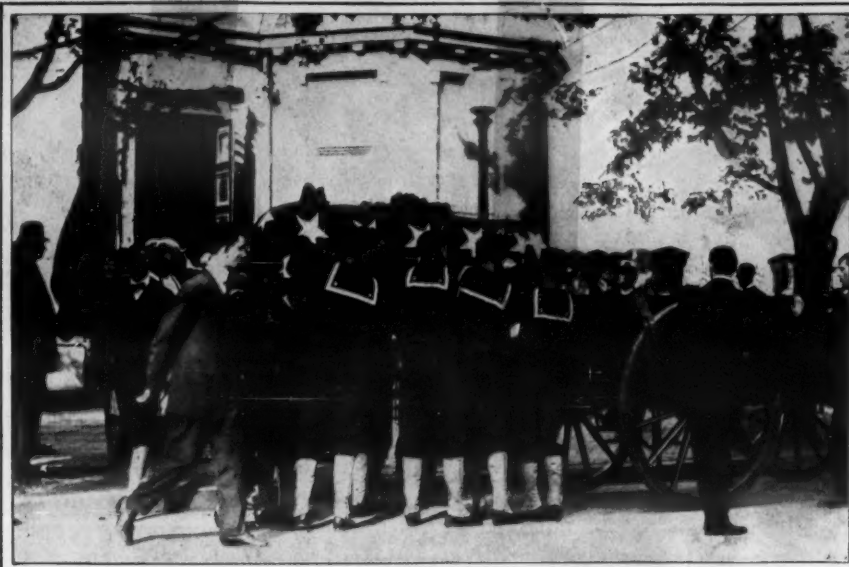


Prelates Honor Cardinal Gibbons on His Golden Anniversary

A jubilee dinner given in his Eminence's honor at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, October 15. The dinner was one of the features in the history-making celebration of the Cardinal's golden jubilee as a priest and his silver jubilee as Cardinal, and was attended by Monsignor Falconio, Archbishops John Ireland, St. Paul; John M. Farley, New York; José Monte de Oca, Mexico; Paul Bruchesi, Canada, and several hundred others prominent in the church from all parts of the country.

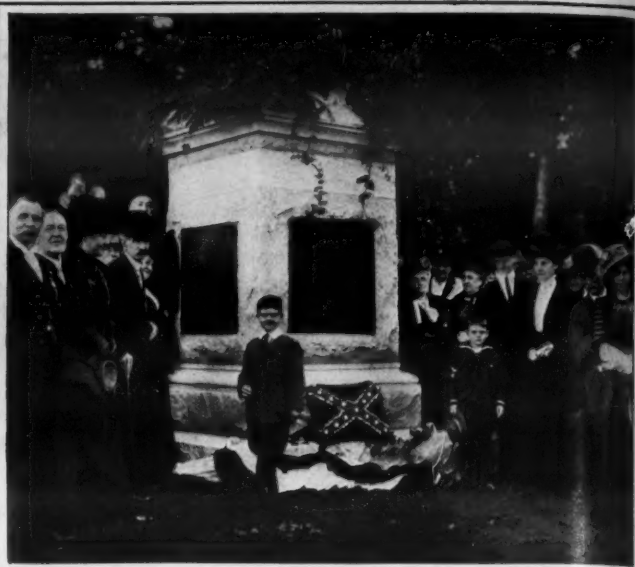
Oct. 28

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



Placing Admiral Schley's Body on the Ca'sson After the Funeral Services

The funeral of Rear Admiral Winfield Scott Schley was held in Washington on October 6 in the presence of representatives of the army, navy, and the civilian branches of the Government



The Unveiling of a Memorial to 184 Confederate Soldiers

This shaft in the National Cemetery at Germantown, Pa., was unveiled on October 10 in memory of Confederate soldiers who died while prisoners

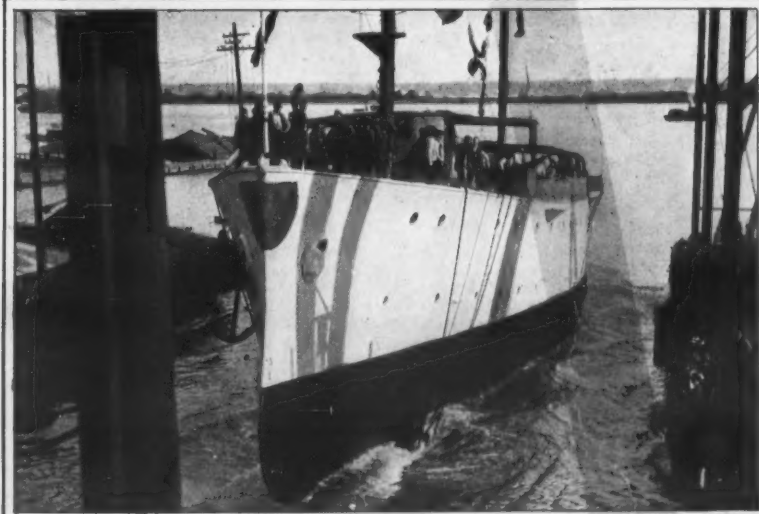


The Monument to Aviator Chavez, Who Flew Over the Alps
In alighting near the town of Domo d'Ossola, Chavez received injuries which later resulted in his death in September, 1910



Unveiling the Memorial to Charles Stewart Parnell at Dublin

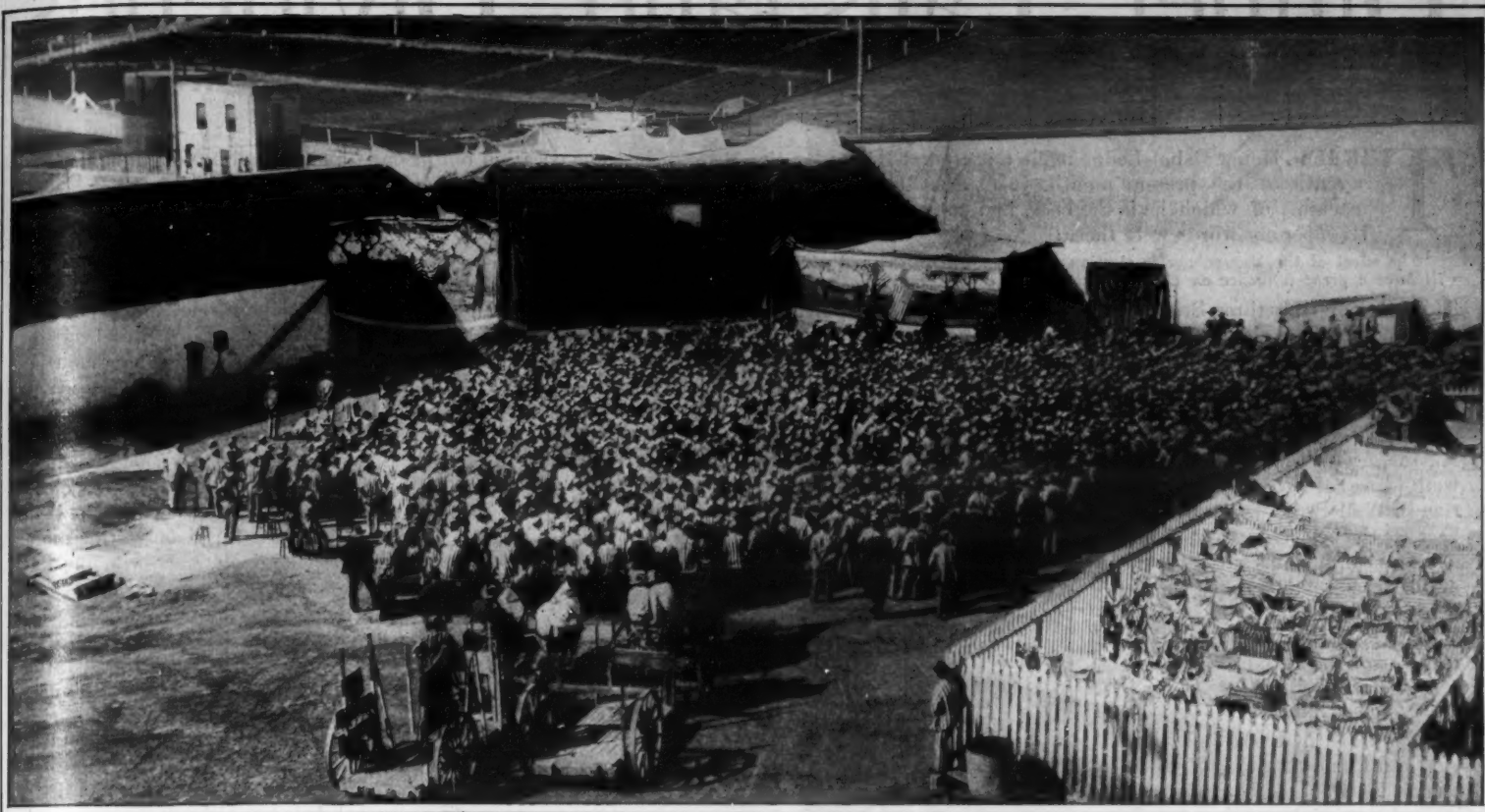
The statue, which is of bronze, is one of the finest achievements of the late Augustus Saint Gaudens, and was erected largely through the subscriptions of Americans. It was unveiled by John E. Redmond



The Patria and the Cuba, Two Additions to the Miniature Cuban Navy, Launched at Philadelphia

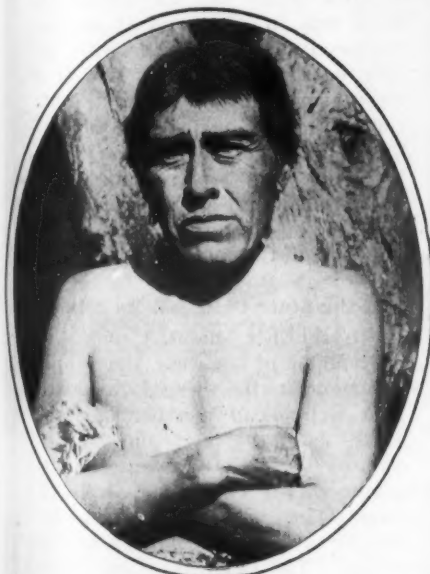
On October 10 the protected cruiser Cuba and the training ship Patria were christened at Philadelphia by two daughters of President Gomez of Cuba. The Patria, a 1,200-ton ship of 1,500 horsepower, is 185 feet long and will be used as a training ship. The Cuba, 2,200 tons, 3,500 horsepower, has a length of 260 feet and a speed of eighteen knots. These two ships, together with the five small vessels which already fly the flag of the Cuban navy, will be used chiefly for police and revenue work

A RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS



"Alias Jimmy Valentine" Being Played by Real Actors Before Two Thousand Prisoners within the Walls of the State Penitentiary at San Quentin, California

On October 5 a company which had been playing in San Francisco gave a gratuitous performance of "Alias Jimmy Valentine" before the convicts in the State prison at San Quentin, California. No restraint was placed over the striped audience, and the players were applauded vociferously, especially at the places in the play which emphasize that a man may "rise from his dead self to higher things." Warden John E. Hoyle, who has revolutionized conditions at this prison, believes that the moral of this drama struck deeply into the hearts of his charges. The condemned men, and even some of the incorrigibles, were permitted to witness the play



Ishi, the Uncivilized Indian

His tribe was thought to have been wiped out by the gold hunters in a battle near Red Bluff in 1852



Ishi Attending a Vaudeville Performance in San Francisco

He wore the white man's clothing to the theatre, but insisted on going in his bare feet. To him the performance was "the heaven of the white people," and at times he was almost beside himself with excitement. He was most impressed by the great crowd. On his left is San Batwee, a North Yana Indian, who is able to interpret part of Ishi's speech. Behind the latter is Professor Kroeber, Professor of Anthropology of the University of California, and beside him Professor Waterman, who has compiled a vocabulary of 2,000 absolutely new words from Ishi's speech

A Savage First Comes in Contact with Twentieth-Century Civilization

THE Yana Indian who was captured while stealing meat from a storehouse in Oroville, California, has been given the name of Ishi, and Professor Kroeber of the University of California is the authority for the statement that the Indian is the least civilized man in the whole world. He is between 60 and 65 years of age. He is a man of high intelligence, having a fine brain, and is learning the ways of the white man with astonishing rapidity. After his capture he was lodged for a few days in the Oroville jail, while Indians of all the surviving tribes were brought to him, in an effort to understand his language. Finally a North Yana Indian was able to comprehend some of Ishi's words. According to his story he has been alone for many years, but it is believed that he was one of the four Indians, the last of the Deer Creek branch of the South Yana, who was driven out of the thicket by surveyors in Tehama County some months ago. He was brought to San Francisco, where he has been the subject of investigations and experiments by Professor Kroeber. Records of his speech have been

(Concluded on page 32)



Ishi explaining his method of stalking game

Dinner Pails and Dividends

By MARK SULLIVAN

THE Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge made a speech at Boston on the seventh of the present month, just after the Republican machine, of which he is the boss, had named a State ticket. His opening words were these:

"The effect of the Massachusetts election this year will go far and wide. It will have a great influence on the national election a year from now."

This is true. Only three States will elect Governors this fall; of these the Massachusetts election is by far the most important; the result of it will be universally accepted as indicating the mood of the public. It will be looked upon as a forecast of the Presidential election next year. That shrewdest of observers and prophets, Thomas W. Lawson, says that a Republican victory in Massachusetts this year might very well cause a two or three point rise in Wall Street—not, of course, because the next Governor of Massachusetts can help or harm the tariff or the trusts, but because the beneficiaries of the tariff will be encouraged to hope that the tide has turned in favor of the Standpatters.

The Issue

SENATOR LODGE and his machine, and all the tariff and trust beneficiaries affiliated with him, both in and out of Massachusetts, have determined to take advantage of the situation. They can command all the resources that are commonly identified with the American Protective Tariff League. And the Massachusetts machine is making the tariff the issue. Their candidate for Governor, Frothingham, ignores State issues and talks protective tariff in all his speeches; all the campaign speakers say the tariff is the issue; Lodge says it; all those Boston newspapers that are controlled by tariff beneficiaries say the same, and call on the people to vote for Frothingham and the full dinner pail.

Significant Silences

THE Republican platform nowhere mentions the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill. But in the Springfield "Republican's" account of the adoption of the platform—an account frequently interspersed with the word "applause"—there are these two significant sentences:

"The affirmation, 'we are not standpatters,' was received in silence. They also sat absolutely silent at the approval of tariff revision."

Moreover, when a resolution was proposed indorsing reciprocity with Canada, the machine refused to put it in the platform. The truth, as any investigator may find out by inquiring in confidence at the right places, is this: it is the secret intention of the Massachusetts machine and all the forces, both in and out of the State, that are backing the Republican ticket, to stand pat on the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill, to oppose even that measure of tariff revision which is proposed by President Taft, and particularly to fight any change in the woolen tariff that may be based on the report which the Tariff Board is to make in December. If they win the coming election, they will announce this intention openly.

A Record

DURING the making of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill there were 129 votes in the Senate. On these roll-calls, Lodge's "batting average," as some of the lighter-minded Insurgents call it, was this:

Voted with Aldrich, 102. Paired or not voting, 26.
Voted against Aldrich, 1.

On just one occasion out of one hundred and twenty-nine, Lodge dissented from the duties proposed by Senator Aldrich.

Lodge

LODGE ought to be a Senator for Massachusetts to be proud of. He has scholarship and high ability. More nearly than any other man in American politics—except Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson—Lodge, in his equipment, resembles Lord Rosebery in England. Massachusetts would be proud to keep such a man in the Senate; she kept the venerable Hoar at Washington during term after term when he hardly knew the name of the Boston Postmaster. But Lodge prefers to keep his seat secure by maintaining, through patronage and through close affiliation with the corporations that benefit by the tariff, one of the most odious political machines in the United States. His public record on the Senate floor is constantly marked by deviousness. After President Taft had repeatedly promised tariff revision downward in his own campaign speeches, after the Republican platform had made that promise formal, when the time came to fulfill that promise, Lodge joined the little cabal led by Aldrich to repudiate it. He said, on May 8, 1909:

"Nobody ever pledged me to a revision downward any more than a revision upward."

And when the Payne-Aldrich tariff was in effect and there was universal dissatisfaction with it, Senator Elkins, who was himself a high protectionist but a straightforward man, sought to have a committee investigate the relation of the tariff to the cost of living. Later, he charged on the floor of the Senate that Lodge conspired with Aldrich to choke off that investigation.

Has the State Changed its Mind?

EIGHTEEN months ago, in March of last year, the people of Massachusetts, through the death of a Republican member of Congress, had the first opportunity granted to any American community to express at the polls its opinion of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill. To that occasion Massachusetts gave world-wide fame by changing a Republican majority of over twelve thousand to a Democratic majority of nearly five thousand. The Democratic candidate to whom Massachusetts gave this remarkable testimony of its disapproval of the Payne-Aldrich tariff was Eugene N. Foss. This same Foss is again the Democratic candidate for Governor; he is running on the same platform of tariff revision downward, reciprocity with Canada, and reduction in the cost of living. Have the people of Massachusetts, during these brief months, changed their minds about the Payne-Aldrich tariff? Has the threat of industrial depression, proclaimed by the tariff beneficiaries, put fear into their hearts?

Foss and Frothingham

ONE of the most enlightened men in Massachusetts, an active business man who gives more than four-fifths of his annual profits to good causes, thus expresses the State issue:

"Governor Foss really represents the forward movement toward the more just distribution of power in our democracy, and Mr. Frothingham represents the respectable Conservatives that would fight even a moderate Progressive program."

From every aspect therefore the issue is clear, and no progressive can well hesitate.



Senator Lodge's Appeal to Massachusetts

Strike—for your coupons and your bonds,
Strike—for your stocks and dividends,
Your mills and Schedule K.

With very humble apologies to Fitz-Greene Halleck (deceased)

Drawn by F. G. Cooper

Collier's maintains at Washington an office the purpose of which is to supply its readers with copies of bills, records, or any information they may desire concerning the work of Congress and the Government. Address

Collier's Congressional Record

Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.



A cartoon from "Munsey" representing the apostle

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Campaigning with Mr. Madero

The Last Whirlwind Tour of the Little Man Who Overthrew the Diaz Régime and Tried to Give Mexico a Genuine Election Before Becoming President

MEXICO CITY, September 30.

By ARTHUR RUHL



A cartoon of Madero from "Multicolor," representing him as the apostle of Mexico

WE CAME loafing in from the Gulf—from the blue opal water, the flying fish skittering away from the bow and the languorous tropic airs—and landed plump in the middle of Mr. Madero's last spellbinding campaign. As we tied up at the wharf at Veracruz, a skyrocket whizzed up from the roof of the custom house and burst in the morning sunshine with a report like that of a starting gun. Others followed—*wheest—bang!*—there on the wharf was the enthusiastic democracy of Veracruz, nearly every man with a sheaf of these rocket bombs under his arm, and there, just stepping from a Government yacht, back from his campaign in Yucatan and bound now for the capital and a whirlwind tour through the cities of the plateau, was Francisco I. Madero.

I hurried through the customs and, with a glad ignorance of the homemade Mexican skyrocket, galloped across the wharf to join the Maderistas. This skyrocket is a flower of the soil, which must be seen close at hand (coming directly for one's head, for instance) to be appreciated. It has a slender switch for a stick, a head about the size of our skyrocket, and a charge of powder (supposed to explode at a safe distance in the air) about like that of the ordinary Fourth of July bomb. Several hundred Maderistas were shooting off these rockets, and their method of doing so was simply to take one from the armful, light it with a cigarette without stirring from their place in the crowd, and hold it until it swished skyward, with just about the unconcern of a man cracking peanuts.

Excitement

SOME, probably most of them, did go up. Others, not so well-balanced, zigzagged over our heads and exploded wherever they happened to light, to the great amusement of everybody. If as much gunpowder were about to be burned in New York there would have been a special stand and a roped space, a squad of mounted police to keep the crowd back, and ambulances waiting at the nearest corner—and probably a lot of people taken to the hospital. The Veracruzanos, being dressed in inflammable linen and sandals, had the time of their lives, and the only one hurt in the least was a barefoot boy, who, as near as I could see, stubbed his toe or stepped on a spark. The more I saw of Mr. Madero's campaign the more I was struck with the fact that when he is looking for excitement the lower-class Mexican thinks no more of his own safety than that of the horses in the bull ring, and that in the expression of his political enthusiasm some special providence must watch over him.

Grabbing Mr. Madero

AS SOON as it seemed safe for a mere North American to proceed, I hurried up through the narrow old streets, where cool tobacco smells came from dark interiors, to the headquarters of the presidential candidate. They were as much like the ordinary candidate's headquarters at home as they were unlike the sort of thing you would have expected under the Diaz régime—it must be remembered that Mr. Madero's election was already assumed to be certain. I had only to tell who I was to pass the guard at the lower door, and when I got upstairs I found that the way to get a word with the candidate was not at all to make a formal appointment and come back next week, but to watch your chance, grab Mr. Madero by the arm, rush him off into a corner and ask what you wanted to know. Telegrams poured in, were opened, read, and flung on the floor; secretaries

pounded typewriters, and the equivalent of our own political handshakers were there to throw their arms about the candidate and, in the Latin fashion, pat him on the back.

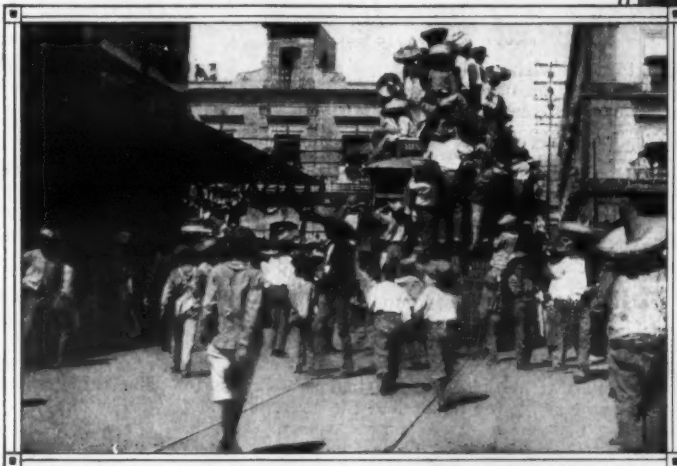
From the balcony of this house he addressed the crowd that night. I was saturated later in the "atmosphere" of Mexican street crowds as one only can who has been squeezed, swept along, and well-nigh asphyxiated in a mass of frenetic humanity, compared to which the wildest American crowd is almost an orderly procession. I saw them swarm round our train as it rolled into a station and, hanging to windows, steps, and, it almost seemed, the very wheels themselves, cover it like so many flies. I have ridden from the station to the hotel at night with the little toy street car literally covered with fanatical peons howling "*Vivas*" to their hero and "*Mueras*" to everybody else, while the torches flared, rockets exploded, and ancient bells in the cathedral towers clanged as they might have clanged in the Middle Ages, when people came home from the wars. But I doubt if anything impressed me more than the first sight of that crowd in Veracruz—that sea of brown, devoted faces upraised toward their leader in the glare of the electric lights.

These were the people of whom no account has been taken—the patient, incredibly poor, forgotten mass; the "*humildes*," as they say in Mexico, of whom the world and the Diaz régime expected so little and

The laborers of a seaport are likely to be more alert than those of the interior, and those of the "hot country" generally less degenerated by alcohol than those of the plateau. There is little *pulque* below 4,000 feet. One old fellow was the image, except for his sandals and big straw hat, of Don Porfirio himself, and the aspect of most of them was that of simple dignity. There they stood with heads bared, their eyes burning with childlike devotion and hope, until it seemed as if it were the very soul of inarticulate Mexico which was looking wistfully upward for help.

Mexican Enthusiasm

WHEN he came out, this curious little man with the questioning eyes and puckered brow, they exploded like fireworks. Men threw up their arms with fingers outstretched and quivering as they shouted the long-drawn "*Viva Ma-de-ro!*" One or two flung both arms wide, in almost that gesture with which, for half an hour at a time, devout Mexicans will sometimes kneel motionless before a



Taxicabs and trolley cars are used as vantage points by Madero's enthusiastic followers



Madero's arrival at San Lázaro station, Mexico City



The picturesque crowd awaiting Madero in the streets of Guadalajara

from whom anyone who hopes for democratic government in Mexico at all must hope so much. All wore the white linen, sandals, and big peaked straw hat of the ordinary bearer of burdens. Many were *cargadores* and carried their porter's number on a chain about their necks. Some carried babies, sleeping on their shoulders. Nearly all stood in the respectful attitude of the Mexican peon with bared heads. There was not a man in dark clothes among them, nor even one of those flippant, cane-swinging youths who lounge about the cafés and the brighter streets. The only signs, indeed, of what might be called the conscious classes was a young man sitting on the roof across the street and straining his eyes to take stenographic notes of the speeches, and three young ladies in black—the typical Mercedes, Luisa, and Elena—languidly looking on from a second-story balcony at the end of the block.

With them came "*Mueras*" for the opposition, "*Muera los Registas!*" "*Que muera los científicos!*" and then, from the more daring and witty: "*Viva el Chapparito!*" (the Little Sawed-off) or "*Viva Ponchito!*" (the diminutive of Francisco), and so on.

Just as Madero was about to speak, a man in the crowd climbed on the shoulders of two of his friends. He wore the usual sandals, tight linen trousers, and he had a boiled shirt without a collar, but he spoke excellent Spanish, and he threw himself into his

speech with the abandon of a man who was addressing, not only his hero but, you might almost say, his saint.

As he spoke he flung his quivering hands toward Madero and now and then whanged them down on the heads of the patient gentlemen who were supporting him. It was a great speech, in the good old flowery Latin-American style, with a few new quirks about the proletariat and democracy added to the usual lyricism about liberty and the glorious revolution.

A Mere Man Trying to Help

IT WOULD have been easy enough for Mr. Madero to swing that crowd off its feet by answering in kind. Instead, he leaned quietly on the balcony rail and told them that the only way they could improve their condition was to improve themselves. They must save their money, stop gambling and getting drunk, and take care of their families.

"*Bien dicho!*" (Well said!) muttered an old fellow just beneath us, nodding his head. "*Viva el Chaparito!*" came sailing over the crowd again, and everybody laughed. There was plenty of touch and go in the audience that night. They did not always agree with the speakers. They didn't want Mr. Madero's candidate for Vice President (in the posters of the two, pasted on the blank walls of Veracruz, Mr. Pino Suarez's face was invariably crossed out), and they frankly said so, and once, when one of the spellbinders asked a rhetorical question, some one bawled out an unexpected "NO!"

"That man is Reyista!" shouted the speaker, quick as a flash, and the crowd, laughing, hustled the outsider away.

Before a score of other crowds I heard Mr. Madero give the same unrhymed advice that he kept himself to that night—even when the "*Vivas*" were at their loudest and the band, at every oratorical pause, jumped into "*Dianas*"—that wild cry which rises

from the trumpets in the bull ring when the matedo's stroke has gone home and the bull is sinking to his knees.

In short, here was a new thing in Mexico. In place of the warrior, a civilian; in place of the glittering medals and crosses, a little man in a summer suit and a straw hat with a white band. In place of the granite calm of the old dictator, the nervous sympathy of a mere man trying to help. In place of gendarmes and a cell, a chance to talk things over, even to disagree.

Whatever the capacity of the Mexicans for self-government, however short-lived may be their enthusiasm for the little man who has been caricatured in the mushroom comic sheets of the capital as a papier-maché apostle, there is no doubt of the interest and importance of Mr. Madero's experiment.

He put Mexico through the motions at least of a genuine political campaign. If the prince of side-steppers, General Bernardo Reyes, had been sportsman enough to stay and play the game, there might have been more than the mere motions. One of the Mexican comic papers pictured General Reyes sitting at a café table with a young man representing the people of Mexico.

"How old are you, General?" asked the young man. "I am about to complete my—" began the General, with a broad gesture, when the young man broke in. "When did you ever complete anything?" he demanded. That is about the way the majority now look at Reyes.

At the Capital

TWO days later, having swung round through Jalapa and Puebla, Mr. Madero reached the capital. I waited for him across the street from the San Lázaro station on a whitewashed wall, up which several small boys had hauled me, after denouncing with proper indignation the suggestion of one of

their number that "seats in that balcony cost five centavos." For several blocks the street was packed with men and boys of the peon class and small workingmen carrying the banners of their trades.

Burying a Taxicab

A CLOSED taxicab, carrying four ladies with elaborate ostrich-plumed hats, honk-honked as far as it could into this mass and stopped about a hundred feet from the station. The crowd flowed around it, sniffing it, as it were; climbed on the wheels, and in five minutes that taxicab had literally disappeared.

There was no disorder. The crowd simply overflowed it like so much sand. There must have been fifteen men standing on its roof, and the white plumes were completely buried in a pyramid of shabby humanity. The ladies made no fuss, and after the candidate had arrived and his own automobile had worked its way through, they followed after, apparently none the worse for the adventure.

Phenomena such as this were due partly to the fact that the lower class Mexicans felt for the first time in their lives, perhaps, that they were almost as good as anybody, partly to their complete and joyful disregard of their own safety. In Guadalajara the next day I watched a crowd of at least 5,000 surge around Mr. Madero's automobile. From the roof of the hotel, to which I had hastily made a detour—for I had arrived on the same train—there was merely a boiling mass of steeple hats and a roar like that of so many hungry but happy tigers.

There was absolutely no police protection, and there was almost nothing of the sort at any of the stations at which we stopped. There were rurales here, as elsewhere, but they were drawn up in an imposing line like that of the commander and his staff reviewing his troops. After the candidate's automobile passed, they fell in behind and between the two, and all around them boiled and cheered the happy

(Continued on page 34)

The Confessions of a Managing Editor

By the Desk Man on a Paper Run by the Business Office

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. COLL

This article is not fiction. It is just what it purports to be—the frank confession of a real managing editor. For obvious reasons, he cannot give his name nor yet that of his paper, and he has disguised some of the names and incidents—but in no case enough to mar the essential truth of the incidents which he describes

ONE day ten years ago, after an office shake-up, the publisher of a newspaper on which I was then reporting called me into his private office and said:

"I've decided to make you managing editor."

I stammered a grateful thanks.

"But before you take charge," he said, "I want to make a few things plain to you." One thing on his mind was the question of policy. "I want all the news," he went on, "and I want it well displayed. I want a clean paper—one that can be read by the young people in any home. That is to say, also, I want you to keep in mind the moral responsibility we owe to the public. Moreover, I want the paper to be an active force in city affairs, and, needless to say, I want a paper fair to everyone."

"An ideal paper," I thought.

"One thing more," he said. "We are way behind where we ought to be in circulation. The trouble is we haven't been getting out a real, live newspaper. In other words, I look to you for a bigger circulation. If you don't get it for me, I'll try some one else on the desk!"

"Giant Despair"

I WENT home to my wife that night walking on air. By a turn in the wheel of fortune I had become managing editor of our leading city newspaper.

Sole dictator, my employer told me, of the news columns! What greater responsibility could any man ask? A city of some 200,000 was mine to conquer, and I was eager for the conflict.

Little knowing then what obstacles were before me, I at once set out on my pilgrimage. For a while I freely walked an open road. Then, at the next turn, suddenly I found myself

face to face with a Giant Despair. It is of this Giant that I am now led to write, not because I see in my own ten years an extraordinary adventure, but because my experience is, in one way or another, the experience of numberless other managing editors throughout the country. I refer in particular to the conditions under which I get out a newspaper. I take my orders, so to speak, from the business office.

Let us see how it works out, not only for the managing editor, but for the readers, for the advertisers, and for the public in general.

Shortly after I took charge, my attention was called to the dramatic column. None of our local papers, I noticed, gave what I considered an honest, fair, impartial criticism. If a bad show came to town, for example, no paper had the courage to say it was a bad show. Here was a chance, then, to strike a responsive chord in the hearts of several thousand weekly theatregoers. Accordingly, I told the dramatic critic and his staff that thereafter I wanted a spade called a spade.

It so happened at just that time two shows of a vicious type descended upon us, and whereas the

other papers smoothed over their rottenness with phrases of double meaning, we came out, on the other hand, and spoke the truth as we saw it. The response in the popular heart was far beyond my fondest hopes. Numberless readers patted us on the back and praised our independence.

Then something happened. Presently the business manager came to me with a worried look.

"Manager Smith of the Broadway Theatre," he said, "threatens to cut down the size of his display ad on Sunday."

"Why?" said I.

"He says you're roasting him too much. He was down here last night talking it over with the old man, and the old man wants to see you; I suppose about this trouble."

The old man was the publisher.

I went to his private office.

"You are doing splendidly with the paper," he said, "but there is one thing I want to speak to you about. Mr. Smith of the Broadway Theatre was down here last night. He says you are treating him rather harshly."

"He had a couple of bad shows here last month," I answered, "and we merely told the truth about them."

"Yes, I know, but Mr. Smith, you see, is a little sensitive."

"The great trouble with the newspapers in this city," I said, "is they have never told half the truth about the shows that come here."

"Yes, we want the truth," said the publisher, "but for the present just let up on the Broadway Theatre. Mr. Smith came down here last night with tears in his eyes, and I promised him we wouldn't be so severe next time. He is one of our best advertisers and, naturally, we can't afford to antagonize him."

The Advertiser Again

I ARGUED for a free and fearless criticism, but on leaving the private office I found I had been beaten in my fight with a Giant Despair. The Giant Despair was the business office. I carried my orders to the dramatic editor, and to the next bad show at the Broadway Theatre we gave a good notice.

Just about this same time we printed an item in which there appeared the name of a certain hardware merchant, incidentally an ad-



What if we do lure poor women to pay loan sharks \$175 for a borrowed \$25?

vertiser in our paper. The publication of the item for some unknown reason aroused his ire, and he gave vent to his feeling by ordering his advertisement out of the paper.

"What can we do about it?" said the business manager, all broken up. "He spends \$300 a year with us."

"What does he want done?" I answered.

"He doesn't want anything done. But it occurs to me we might give him a good write-up on his business. Why not get his photograph and a good sketch of him, with an account of his rise to a successful merchant, for the Sunday paper?"

"We could do it," I said, "except for the fact that he isn't a successful merchant."

"Never mind about that. We've got to do something for him, the old man says. Maybe this will please old Hardnails and save us the advertising?"

Smoothing Down Advertisers

ACCORDINGLY, the following week the special feature section of our Sunday issue devoted a valuable column of space to the promising career of an otherwise unknown hardware merchant—"The Popular Hardware Merchant of the Twenty-third Ward," as we called him. He was satisfied and went on paying us \$300 a year.

After we had smoothed out the popular hardware dealer, the publisher one day sent for me, saying he desired to have a number of rules posted in the city department.

He handed me the following:

Rules for the City Staff

- GET THE NEWS, AND GET IT FIRST.
- WRITE ONLY WHAT CAN BE READ AT THE FAMILY CIRCLE.
- ALWAYS BE SURE OF YOUR FACTS.
- ALWAYS BE FAIR.
- ALWAYS GIVE BOTH SIDES OF THE STORY.

After I had read over the rules, the publisher started off on what appeared to be an academic discussion of journalism, winding up with the point that in order to get out a successful paper all the various departments must work hand in hand; that is, the circulation, the editorial, the business, the advertising, etc.

"You understand?" said the publisher.

No, as a matter of fact, I didn't see what he was driving at until a moment later he led up to another, and this time an unwritten law for the news department. This unwritten law was to go into effect at once. It was the result of my innocent experience with the Broadway Theatre and the popular hardware dealer. It provided that whenever we had an item of news affecting an advertiser this item was first to be submitted to the business office for approval.

"You understand?" went on the publisher, confidentially. "We depend upon the advertisers to pay our salaries in the editorial room, and we can't afford to make enemies of them. In other words, no matter what anyone says, a man can't afford to quarrel with his bread and butter."

One Eye on the News, the Other on the Advertiser

FOLLOWING this conference, all my desk men, under orders, kept one eye on the news, the other on the advertiser. With what result? On one occasion, I remember, we got a story about a boy who, while working beside an unprotected elevator shaft, fell three flights to the cellar, and escaped with only a broken leg. One point of interest was the unprotected elevator shaft. As the firm advertised with our paper, we sent the story down to the business office for approval. It never came back.

Another time a small fire broke out in the top floor of a cheap department store. No one was hurt and no stock was damaged. The item was worth about twenty lines, and it was written for its face value. We submitted it to the business office, and after a consultation with the firm, the office returned it with the following note:

"Use a double line, black type heading, and have some one pad it out for half a column. Make it appear the stock was damaged."

The reason was apparent the following day when the department store carried a special half-page advertisement headed:

"Extraordinary Fire Sale!"

Once there came to my desk a letter from an influential respected citizen calling attention to the exorbitant rates demanded by our lighting company. Here was a chance, then, to make our paper "an active force in city affairs." On my own responsibility I printed the letter in full, and at the same time went to the lighting company for their side.

They wouldn't say anything. The next day I set out to get further facts on the lighting monopoly. I had already outlined my plan of campaign, when I got word I was wanted in the business office. On my way out of the city room my financial reporter called to me, saying:

"I understand the old man has promised to leave the city in the dark on the question of lighting."

"What makes you think so?"

"I heard it just now in the office of his stock broker. They had him over there this morning."

On arriving in the business office, I was highly complimented by the publisher for my story on the lighting monopoly.

"You might get some further information along this line," he said, "and have it ready for me when I return. I'm going out of town for two weeks. Meanwhile, see to it that nothing is printed on lighting."

On his return I submitted an astounding array of figures which showed how deep we were in the grip of the lighting company, together with an inside account of their high dividends, inflated stock, etc. My friend the publisher appeared to be highly pleased. He took all the facts into his private office for a further consideration.



What if we do encourage the dying to swallow a worthless drug?

tion. Let me see—he has had them under consideration now for nearly ten years! Oh, yes, I came near forgetting: his stock broker is a leading advertiser!

In our city we have a Woman's League. It is a league for the betterment of social and living conditions. Of course such a thing should not be, but what are women to do? Upon this occasion they looked into the question of department store hours for working girls. They found the girls of our town working beyond a reasonable time—that is, too many hours a week, especially in the holiday season. Other cities were bad enough, but none equaled ours. What was to be done?

The Woman's League went to the Legislature for reform. They were opposed by the merchants. It was a good news story. Indeed, some of the facts brought out by the women were even sensational. At any rate, their story touched the heart of our veteran legislative reporter, and he even went so far as to say:

"For Heaven's sake, old man, print their story in full!"

The Woman's League waited upon me with the full text of their argument, requesting us to publish the facts. I promised to do the best I could for them.

What the Woman's League Got for Butting In

NOW right here, it might be mentioned, the department store is our best friend—that is, our best advertiser. There are several in our town. One alone pays in something like \$1,000 a month. This, too, in the dull season! So I submitted the Woman's League argument to the business office; in short, to the publisher himself.

He looked over the copy.

"These women who think they know how to run a department store ought to be at home looking after their children," he said. "They make me tired. For instance, take this woman at the head of the list. She's the worst of all. She's an old busy-body!"

"How much of their argument do you want me to run?" I said.

"Not a line of it," he answered. "I'll take care of it myself to-morrow in the editorial columns."

He did so. His editorial scolded the Woman's League for interfering in what he said wasn't their business. He made no mention of the facts gath-

ered by them, of the long hours for the little girls, of child labor, etc. On the contrary, his editorial praised the leading department store men for their thoughtfulness in keeping their stores open late!

The argument of the Woman's League, which they had left with me, I returned, under orders, with the following remark:

Owing to the small amount of space, we are unable, unfortunately, to find space for your enclosed argument. Sincerely yours, THE MANAGING EDITOR.

It pays to advertise! At least, so runs a little refrain sung day after day by the business office. Their song appears in the form of a one-line advertisement scattered throughout the paper. How well it pays may be seen in still another case at hand. This time an officer of the Board of Health came to us for help in a campaign for cleaning up back yards. He brought a number of photographs showing the disgraceful condition of back yards—principally in the business district. He went to the publisher himself, and the publisher sent for me. We three looked over the photographs together.

"Splendid," said the publisher. "We'll run a good story on it Sunday. It's just the kind of a story we like. It shows the people we are alive to civic pride!"

Friends of the Paper

THE publisher himself picked out three of the best photographs; that is, three showing the worst conditions. Then he turned to the city official.

"Now tell us where these back yards are," he said, "so that we can actually describe the condition. Let us begin with this one," and the publisher picked out what he considered the worst of all.

"That is behind the Jones store," said the city official.

The publisher put the Jones photograph in the discard.

"No," he said, "we can't use that one. The Jones store is a friend of the paper."

A friend in this case meant a good advertiser.

So instead of the Jones back yard the publisher chose another one, and the following Sunday we gave up half a page to "The Disgraceful Condition of Our City Back Yards!" We mentioned names and, besides giving a pen picture of the scenes, showed actual photographs!

On looking over the page on that Sunday morning my eye was attracted to a little business office card at the bottom of the page, which read:

"It Pays to Advertise!"

Meanwhile, maybe you wonder what kind of a paper I am getting out? Needless to say, in all these ten years I have done the best I could under the circumstances. I am still doing the best I can—for a man who can't quarrel with his bread and butter.

Three Cardinal Principles

IF YOU remember, when I took charge the publisher said he wanted me to keep in mind three things:

First, a clean family paper.

Second, a certain moral responsibility to the public.

Third, a paper that takes an active part in city affairs.

Now, as a matter of fact, do we print a clean paper? A paper that can be read by the younger people in any self-respecting family?

No doubt if you were to see our news columns you would feel easy in this respect, and yet as I look over the issue now on the desk before me I see, side by side with our carefully edited news, column after column of specialist and patent medicine advertising, in which an appeal is made not only to men and women but to boys and girls. All the quack remedies are there—all of those upon which COLLIERS turned the searchlight of truth! Everything, from Pinkham to Pink Pills for Pale People, or Post of Postum. There's a reason, of course. There's a reason also for the specialist advertising—the "loss of vitality" and "derangement" reading matter, upon which our readers, young and old, may feast their eyes day after day, year in and year out. Is such an association altogether without its effect upon boys and girls? Is such disgusting reading matter fit for a clean family paper? If my police reporters were deliberately to smuggle in this kind of writing I would have them discharged on the spot. But there—all this advertising is financial food for the busi-

ness office, and, of course, one can't quarrel with his bread and butter.

Moral responsibility?

Believe me, we try to keep in mind the duty we owe the public, and yet again, as I look over this latest copy now before me, I further see a few things against which, if I had the opportunity, I would warn any one of our 50,000 readers.

In the first place, let us pass over without comment the special column devoted to clairvoyants, palmists, card readers, fortune-tellers, etc. They are all with us, but compared with the out-and-out crooks, these fakers are a simple lot. Instead, let us look upon the page opposite, where we have the display advertising of three loan sharks—those sleek human ferrets who suck out the lifeblood of the poor. You know of them? It is their method to exact anywhere from 10 per cent to 120 per cent a year on

loans. If you fail in one payment, you sign a new loan, and the rate of interest goes up. But let me cite an actual case.

Three years ago a poor woman, in need of money to pay the funeral bill of an only child, read one of their advertisements in our paper, went to them, and took out a loan of \$25, promising to repay \$30 at the rate of \$2.50 a week. On certain weeks she failed to make her payment, and as a result the agency encouraged her to take out new loans, under threat of arrest, exposure, etc. She signed the new loans, each time agreeing to pay a still greater sum. Last winter she came to my desk with tears in her eyes, and wept out her story. She had paid the loan company something like \$175, and still owed them \$30 on the original loan!

My first impulse was to run down the loan shark, and then, fortunately in time, I remembered it was

in our own paper she had been snared by him. He was an advertiser, and then I also remembered a managing editor couldn't quarrel with his bread and butter! One other case of moral duty!

This time it is the reading notice. Perhaps you don't know what a reading notice really is? It is so innocent! Yet how vicious! As we know it, in the editorial room, a reading notice is an advertisement cloaked in the ordinary type of the news, and it is printed in the news columns. How can one tell the difference? In our paper there is no way of telling.

So it happens that a certain reading notice in the paper at hand is, to all intents and purposes, a telegraph news item. It is dated Arizona, with an ordinary news heading, etc. As a matter of fact, this particular copy came from our special representative as he calls himself, a man who takes up foreign advertising as opposed to our city and State advertising.

(Continued on page 21)

The Co-Citizens of California

The Spectacular Campaign by Which Four Hundred Thousand Women Won the Vote

By BERTHA DAMARIS KNOBE

THAT campaign cry of Bob Burdette—“What's the matter with mother?”

Isn't she good enough to vote?”—was answered at the polls, the 10th of October, by the chivalrous men of California. When they stamped the approving “Yes” to famous “Amendment 8,” enfranchising the 400,000 women of that State, they scored the biggest woman-suffrage victory in America. These fair citizens, added to the 25,000 in Wyoming, 30,000 in Idaho, 60,000 in Utah, 120,000 in Colorado, and 175,000 in Washington, make nearly 1,000,000 women of the West—1,000,000, mind you!—who have won the fine fight for political freedom.

Since stock in mother has gone to par, politically speaking, it is significant that President Taft, previously shy on the subject, was inspired to make his first favorable woman-suffrage speech the day after the election!

This political partnership of the suffragettes and the “suffragents,” when proposed in California, precipitated a most exciting struggle. The State Legislature, in February, by the flattering vote of 33 to 5 in the Senate and 65 to 12 in the House, put the all-important question by referendum to the people—which, being interpreted, meant a whirlwind campaign of eight months. The women possessed no form of the franchise—not even school suffrage—being classed, along with masculine illiterates and lunatics, as the political inferiors of the native-born Chinamen of that State. Thereupon the “husbands of woman suffrage”—prominent insurgents under the leadership of Governor Hiram Johnson—promptly offered their support; and the sworn enemies—the corrupt representatives of big business, the liquor dealers, and the “lady” anti-suffragists—arrayed themselves in opposition.

Thus animated by friends and foes, the women espoused tactics spectacular enough to make an English suffragette envious. Immediately after the legislative enactment, the campaign managers met and, with a parliamentary motion, promised each other “not to be more militant than necessary.” That was before Miss Sylvia Pankhurst of England came along to lecture; and, when this slip of a girl, who had been incarcerated for the cause, told the thrilling story of the insurrection across the sea, these Western women were inspired with a new courage. They decided to drop the parlor-meeting propaganda, and to make the appeal—in a sensational way—to the all-powerful man in the street. The first soap-box speech was made by the State president, Mrs. Elizabeth Lowe Watson of Saratoga, in front of the courthouse at Santa Cruz; and the eloquence of this pastor of the Religio-Philosophical Society, who addresses an audience of 2,000 every Sunday at Metropolitan Temple in San Francisco, set a high standard for open-air oratory. Her followers paraphrased the popular songs, such as “Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All its Own,” and sang them on the street corner; the college girls and boys gave the similarly interpreted song and dance of “Reuben and Rachel”; while automobile tours from town to town, the dispensing of votes-for-women tea in the house-to-house canvass, the dis-



Hon. J. H. Braly speaking for suffrage in Pasadena

play of suffrage floats in the omnipotent flower pageants—even going up in a balloon to scatter suffrage “clinchers” upon the watching crowd—were among the ingenious methods employed over this immense State.

As a picturesque climax thousands of women, bedecked with suffrage insignia, patrolled the polls on election day; and, when the official count was completed, they found themselves possessed of a majority of nearly 2,500 that entitled California to pass to its proud pedestal as sixth suffrage State. The campaign had proved that publicity pays.

The two storm centers were Los Angeles for the South and San Francisco for the north. That the leader in Los Angeles was a man—the Hon. J. H.

gained a membership of 3,000; and when, as a more active adjunct, it developed the Men's Equal Suffrage Campaign Club with headquarters employing fifty workers, the presidency of the League passed to Mrs. Seward A. Simons, with Mr. Braly as president emeritus. Together with the Votes-for-Women Club, headed by Mrs. Clara Foltz, the deputy district attorney, the College Equal Suffrage Club, and the big Friday Morning Club, they managed the splendid campaign in southern California—the section that saved the day. The balloon ascension by women members occurred at Luna Park the Fourth of July, and, at a height of 2,200 feet, the shower of suffrage sayings, cleverly folded to look like confetti, fell over the city. For a time the doughnut campaign flourished in the parks, when doughnuts and tea were served after speeches; but, since the officials suppressed them as political, the wily suffragettes set their speeches to music and, unmolested, sang them! Thousands of blotters, inscribed, “Give California Women a Square Deal,” were distributed among business men; ten thousand letters were sent to farmers; while the double post cards made the successful canvass of supporters.

The campaign stumbling-block was San Francisco. During the hot contest under Miss Susan B. Anthony fifteen years ago, suffrage would have won in California except for the adverse vote of San Francisco and Oakland; and so eight headquarters were opened in that city. Perhaps the most enterprising was that of the College Equal Suffrage League, under Miss Charlotte Anita Whitney, a lively aggregation of college girls who managed the Miss Sylvia Pankhurst lecture, and afterward ten big mass meetings and three hundred minor ones. At the time of their first street-corner rally, in Vallejo, one member wrote: “It was Christopher Columbus, with fear in our hearts and an uncertain feeling about the knees.” Some of these young housewives settled their delinquent bills with the



A suffragette parade during the cherry festival at San Leandro

Braly, the Pasadena millionaire—suggests the unprecedented cooperation of the sterner sex. Under his patronage the brilliant banquet to one thousand persons, prior to the last session of the Legislature and including its members, was the social introduction to the organization of the Political Equality League.

Originally officered by prominent men, it speedily

grocer with the understanding that he should wrap suffrage posters with every package. On automobile tours they took a “tacking committee,” to put placards on barns and fences along the route. They gave prizes to schoolgirls for poems on “Why I want to vote when I'm a woman,” and plastered the street cars with such sentiments as: “Give your girl an equal chance with your boy.”

Every opportunity was improved by these San Francisco campaigners to make the popular appeal. The “Golden Special,” with a brass band on board, took them to the State Fair at Sacramento, where they opened gayly decorated booths during the week and on Sunday invaded the churches. The Wage Earners' Suffrage League, under Miss Maud

Younger, placed a float drawn by six white horses in the Labor Day parade, portraying “Justice handing the vote to California” for the sake of the working women in the background—the mother with four children, the sweat-shop girl making overalls at a machine, the trained nurse in uniform, the college girl school teacher in cap and gown, and the stenographer. Stereopticon shows delighted the street

(Continued on page 31)

The Method Primeval

Ancestral Methods of Wooing the Fair Sex Still Appear to Give Satisfactory Results

By KATHARINE HOLLAND BROWN

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SNAPP

OCTOBER sunshine, pale elfin gold, lay dim on the quiet college lawns. Not a twig stirred in that warm dreaming hush; not a bird note fluted through that mellow calm. Gray towers, arched gracious elms, and rainbow fountain gleamed like a fair enchantment. The great beautiful college seemed to hang like a mote of pearl and emerald in that vast iridescent crystal bowl of peace.

Yet to the tall, grim young man striding up the avenue all this harmonious prospect was as a desert waste. Upon his bitter eye the college was as a mere mote of gilded dust, flickering against the black gulf of abysmal despair. His big shoulders drooped. His handsome, ruddy face was gaunt and drawn. His gait was hurried, yet furtive. At intervals a sigh escaped his lips of such portentous volume as to make the near-by birches quake in sympathy. A tortured moisture beaded on his brow.

PRESENTLY he halted and set down two heavy suit cases to reconnoiter. Directly ahead towered Old Main. To the left swept velvet turf; to the right sparkled an infant lake, suspiciously opportune in the landscape, yet appearing convincingly wet. He gazed apprehensively at Old Main.

Even as he gazed, a white vision, book in hand, drifted through the great doorway. A slender swaying vision, crowned by a mass of high-piled daffodil-yellow hair, and moving with slow, lovely grace. The young man jumped. His ears turned cherry-pink.

"Jerusalem crickets! It—yes, it's Sally! Out of all the eleven hundred women in this infernal college, she must be the sole identical one to sail out and nab me. She—she hasn't noticed me yet. If only I had a chance to hide— Oh, Gemini!"

His frenzied eye swept the landscape. Beyond the lake rose a dense beech copse. With a gulp of gratitude, he strode, quaking but leisurely, across the turf, then bolted into the shrubbery.

He sat down on a chill marble bench and mopped his dripping brow.

"Four-flusher!" he observed, disgustedly. "Cowardly sneak! To travel a thousand miles for one glimpse of Sally, then duck like a rabbit the minute she comes in sight! However, I'm rather glad I did cut and run. What on earth dare I say to her? Considering that she has turned me down hard twice. . . . Besides, since the factory burned, I haven't a copper to share with her. Nothing but my gorgeous new job, and it's barely landed. On my word, I—d almost rather go back to Denver without a word. I'd rather face a cannon—"

HIS longing eyes peered across the lake. The vision trod lightly on. Every step was lyric strength and youth; the sunshine burnished her thick gold hair to a halo. Presently she sank on a knoll beside a tall marble pedestal and opened her book. The man's flushed boyish face grew wistful.

"If she wasn't quite so lovely! Such a dear, wonderful angel! And I'm such a mutton-headed chump, I can't even tell her what a darling she is. I choke up and fumble it every time. No, I never can make her understand. But I've got to have her. I'm starved for her. And yet. . ."

Across the amber silence floated low rippling voices. Three girls sauntered down the lake path. Through that hazy air their slender young outlines glinted like blown flower petals, white, rose, lavender; their loitering steps held a nymph-like tread; their laughter chimed with the fountain's silver gleam.

The young man viewed these lovely apparitions with a stare of terrified dismay. For their calm approach was neatly cutting him off from all retreat. "Maybe they'll pike on down the avenue," he prayed.

They did not pike on down the avenue. With maddening calm, they approached his hiding-place. The young man cowered.

Twenty feet from the bench where he now crouched, limp and gibbering, they paused. Deliberately they seated themselves beside the lake. One was dark, stary-eyed with the haunting provocation of a Leonardo; one, a rosy dryad; the third a beautiful, grave child, pensive and fair as a young St. Cecilia, just stepped down from her deep golden frame.

Dreamily St. Cecilia opened her silver almsbox. Dreamily she proffered it to her neighbor.

"Not for me." The Leonardo sighed with plaintive regret. "And if you don't stop stuffed between meals, I really think they ought to put you off the team."

St. Cecilia, unabashed, took a large, tranquil mouthful of nougat.

"Sufficient unto the day are the grouches thereof. Amelia Ann, when is your new car coming?"

"Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck," returned the dryad, gloomily. "Since father went short on Erie, he moans pitifully if I ask for street-car tickets."

"I don't blame him. You certainly set your rates last year for all that the traffic would bear."

The young man listened, raging, yet in weird fascination. He had no sisters. He knew the Mystic Feminine only as a radiant abstraction, seraphic, remote. He felt a sympathy with Actaeon, luckless and daring, as he crouched moveless, hearkening to the unveiled candor of their maiden thought.

Across the lake,

the white vision sat aloof beside her pedestal. Crowned with her shining coronet, she bent above her page, delicately regal, mystically fair.

The man leaned forward. All his honest, tender soul glowed in his adoring eyes.

St. Cecilia looked up also.

"Well! What may all that be? The ivory-goddess effect, with the dazzling golden topknot?"

A racing pulse swept the young man's veins.

"Disrespectful groundling! Our new faculty lady, sure. Miss Sally Fordyce."

"H'm. Strikes me she's much more decorative than her job demands."

"The Blessed-Damozel type," murmured the dryad. "The hair that lay along her back—"

"Spare us, Susan!"

"Was yellow, like canned corn." She's quite old, isn't she?"

Back in the underbrush, the young man's fists clenched tight. Red sparks of fury glittered in his eyes.

"Mercy, yes. She was in Cousin Bessie's class. Away back in 1909. She must be twenty-four. Poor dear!"

The young man breathed thick. With a baleful eye he measured the distance to the infant lake. How sweet to seize these lovely harpies by their spotless Dutch collars, knock their heads together, then heave them into the lake!

"Only," he muttered, "the little beasts would be sure to know how to swim."

"Too bad. That yellow hair alone should give her a whack at better things. Pity she can't share Bessie's luck."

THE Leonardo glanced up.

"Your cousin Elizabeth Lowell? Who married that stunning Mr. Hamblin from Maryland? Sort of an impetuous romance, I've heard. He swung her to the saddle-bow with one hand, while he banged her over the head with the other?"

"Yes. You have the tale quite pat. I had the honor of officiating as bridesmaid. It was well worth the price of admission."

"Proceed, Susan."

"Well, Bess, as you know, is rather a frivolous old lady. Not counting her house party, the Staff and Line numbered fourteen that week. The stunning Mr. Hamblin stood about thirteenth. Briefly, he was left at the post. That was nothing new. He'd held that distinction for nearly five years."



"One evening we had a little neighborhood dance. At ten o'clock Bess halfway accepted Dicky Mayhew. At eleven she thoughtlessly gave Major Burford permission to hope. Watching them both strut about was too much for Mr. Hamblin. He went home with a distinct slam."

"NEXT morning the family went bluefishing, all except Bess and me. Halfway through breakfast, up came Mr. Hamblin's card, accompanied by the card of the Reverend Percival Winslow of Brookline. Bess and I, quite fuddled, trotted downstairs. We found Mr. Hamblin in the library. He had on long-distance motoring clothes, and he looked extremely white and grim. The Reverend Percival was nowhere to be seen."

"So delighted!" Bess gave him a sweet, cool smile. "And—your friend?" She looked about, a trifle puzzled.

"Yonder," Mr. Hamblin waved his hand toward the veranda. I perceived that the hand shook—considerably. Yonder, to be sure, a tall, clerical figure was pacing up and down. "He'll come in presently," Mr. Hamblin's voice shook, too—a minute. Then it rang out, bland and serene. "Susan," he turned, with that de-ludhering heart-to-heart smile of his, "you'll be Elizabeth's bridesmaid, won't you? And my best man, too? I hadn't time to bring one along."

"I opened my mouth and forgot to close it. So did Bess."

"Elizabeth and I will be married at ten-thirty, sharp," he went on, glancing at his watch. "It is now ten-fifteen. We take my car to Portland, then catch the express to New York. We'll come back to The Cove Saturday and tell the family all about it. Too bad they're off fishing."

"Just then Bess found her tongue."

"Edgerly Hamblin! What silly practical joke may this be?"

"It's practical, all right. But it isn't a joke. Neither am I. Don't worry, Bess. I've remembered everything. License, clergyman, and all. And here's your engagement ring."

"Bess stared at the ring in her hand. It was a queer old half-hoop, spelling 'Dearest' in initial stones—diamond, emerald, amethyst, and so on. Bess emitted a few gasps. Then she held it back at him. Her voice was all angry little crackles."

"Edgerly, you are too absurd. This chaffing is really tedious—"

"Chaffing, you call it? Bess, if you want to know exactly what I'm here for—he looked at his watch again—"I have just four minutes to tell you."

"THAT was my cue to drift gracefully away. I drifted. One of my ears chanced to linger behind."

"Good old Susan!" approved the dryad, fondly.

"Now listen, Elizabeth Lowell," Mr. Hamblin spoke very slowly. His voice went shuddering through you like a deep organ note. I heard Bess catch her breath. "And look at that ring in your hand. That ring was fashioned ninety years ago. Edgerly Hamblin the first gave it to Elizabeth, his wife, on their wedding day. Edgerly Hamblin was a poor man. Half his savings went to buy those stones. For, he said, his jewels must all be set together. Then, poor though he might be, he would hold always a royal talisman. Through forty years of happiness Elizabeth wore that ring. Then her son's wife, the second Elizabeth, put it on. Again it was a talisman of blessing and contentment. Then for thirty years I saw that ring on my own mother's hand—"

"His voice dropped, shaking. Through the mirror I saw Bess turn very white. For his mother had been the loveliest thing that ever breathed."

"A year ago she drew it from her finger and put it into my hand. She told me to give it to the one woman who could make my life heaven for me."

"Now I have waited and pleaded long enough. I shall not plead again. To-day you shall come to

me and make my home the place of peace, the haven that the women of my house have made it for their men. Elizabeth, put on that ring."

THERE was the silence of heart-whole appreciation.

"You hardly need add that Elizabeth put it on."

"Hardly. She nearly broke her neck, for fear he might change his mind. Then the Reverend Percival entered, beaming. He'd been Mr. Hamblin's freshman chum at the University of Virginia, and Mr. Hamblin had him trained to a finish. The ceremony was concluded at ten-thirty-five. I rather spoiled it by sniveling, but they did not perceive that. Indeed, they would not have perceived it had I turned handsprings. Off they floated in Mr. Hamblin's car, Bess still in her dimity morning-dress, with my sweater-coat atop, and a suit case packed

"Grandmother stared. Then—I don't know whether you've met my grandmother?"

The dryad chortled softly.

"Yes, I've met your grandmother. A small, plump, gray-velvet lady, with pink-velvet cheeks. In such an impasse as you describe, your grandmother would seem to me the one best bet."

"She was that. Grandmother is never hesitant. Not so you'd notice it. Moreover, she'd been left off the receiving line for the Colony's Easter shindy, and she was spoiling for a fight. She marched up to poor pale Finnegan like a fierce little earaway cooky headed for a big, scared gingerbread man."

"Finnegan! That spoiled little featherhead! Do you want to marry her?"

"Finnegan gulped."

"Want to marry her, madam? She owns me, body an' soul. Haven't I told her so the thousand times?"

ye're a good girl, sometimes I'll let ye dip into me envelope. Make haste."

"Hilma considered."

"Then you wish me to be—Missis Finnegan? Her eyes were angelic. Her voice was wine and honey."

"Finnegan turned fiery red. He didn't flinch."

"'Tis the fine guesser ye are. Missis Finnegan, it is. How do ye like the name?"

THEN Hilma gave him the punch that she'd been saving for him.

"I like it not. I take no new job. My name is Sigversson. I stay here."

"Oho, ye do! Finnegan chuckled brutally. 'That's fine talk to hand to yer new boss! Go wash yer face, an' put on yer pink dress an' yer hat wid roses. We'll stop at Father Kelley's on the way to the thrain.'



St. Cecilia took a large tranquil mouthful of nougat. Back in the underbrush the young man listened, raging, yet in weird fascination

somewhat at random, and a face like an angel. And that's all."

The dryad's sigh broke the long, harmonious pause.

"I can't keep my eyes off Miss Fordyce's yellow hair. Where have I seen another such a glory-patch? Oh, I remember. Your little Swedish housemaid, Nan. The incomparable Hilma."

The Leonardo sighed.

"The incomparable Hilma—that was."

"Why? You haven't lost her?"

"Lost, and forever. She was the sinfulest little flirt in Queens County, you know. She made the soft eyes at every living thing in range. She never had less than half a dozen disconsolate soupirants leaning up against the hedge, and she played with them like a silky little tiger kitty with a set of toy mice. Finnegan took it the hardest. He was a big, soft-eyed, butter-hearted Irishman, grandmother's chauffeur. At last one day he came up on the veranda, and fell over his feet twice, and told grandmother that he'd found a job in town, so he thought he'd be leaving."

"Humph!" sniffed grandmother. "Is my service so unsatisfactory?"

"Poor Finnegan turned mother-o'-pearl tints."

"No, madam, sure not. 'Tis the grand boss ye are. B—but—"

"I followed his eye. Down the garden tripped Hilma, her yellow head shining like a marigold."

"But—but—'tis her, sure!" Out it came, in one despairing burst. "An' I'm that heart-scalded, I can't stand it no longer. I've gone on me knees, I've let her treat me like dust beneath her feet. An' she on'y laughs, an' flings me away!"

"Finnegan! You told her that!"

"Sure, yes, madam. Why not? 'Tis all I think of, night or day."

"Then the heavens fell."

"Finnegan, of all the stupid— Why should you show her how much you love her? Why couldn't you show her that she loves you, instead?"

"Well! I listened, too weak to do anything else, while grandmother hammered a working theory into Finnegan's guileless head and spiked it down. Later, even as Susan has confessed, I found myself loitering near the hedge."

"Hilma! Look here!" Finnegan called harshly. "Step lively; I'm in a hurry."

HILMA'S yellow head flung high. For a minute the little wretch pretended not to hear. She let him call twice. Then she came, sidling, like a fractious pony.

"My name is Miss Sigversson." She swept Finnegan with those killing violet eyes. She had two clothespins in her mouth, but she was adorable.

"Sure I know that. But it won't be Sigversson for long." Finnegan beamed, impudent and jaunty. "Go pack yer duds, Hilma, an' say good-by to the mistress. I've got ye a fine new town job. I'll take ye right along."

"A new job?" Hilma nearly swallowed a clothespin.

"Yes. Housekeeper."

"Housekeeper? Where? What wages do I get, Meester Finnegan?"

"Housekeeper, yes. In a fine new flat on Eight Avenue. For wages, ye get yer bread an' meat. If

Hilma's eyes popped. She turned a little pale.

"I'll bring yer things an' help ye pack." Finnegan threw off his coat. "That small cowskin box in the trunk room is yours, an' the tin hencoop, too! Come along, girl."

Hilma stood speechless. Off went Finnegan. Back he came, whistling, box and coop on his shoulder. He banged them on the porch floor.

"Now bring yer things down. Hustle."

Hilma stamped her foot.

"I will not. Go find you one other girl, Mister Finnegan."

"True enough. There's plenty other girls for me, Hilma. But there's only Finnegan for you. That's why I'm givin' ye this last opporchunity. Go wid me now, go wid me never. See?"

Suddenly Hilma wilted down in a heap, and buried her poor little face on her poor little trunk, and began to cry like a baby.

"I go with you, Mister Finnegan, because I must," she wailed, her eyes drowned violets. "Und I am afraid, because you speak me so hard, so cold. Yet I obey. For I am more afraid that you will go—and leave me behind."

"Um-m-m-m!" The dryad fairly purred. "Did that fetch Finnegan?"

DID that fetch Finnegan? Would it have fetched a graven image?"

Again there fell that long, harmonious pause.

"Queer, isn't it?" St. Cecilia dipped pensively into her almsbox. "But it never fails. It's being hoisted to the saddlebow, and batted with a half a brick, that takes us. Every time" . . .

WINCHESTER



Self-Loading Shotgun Model 1911

12 GAUGE

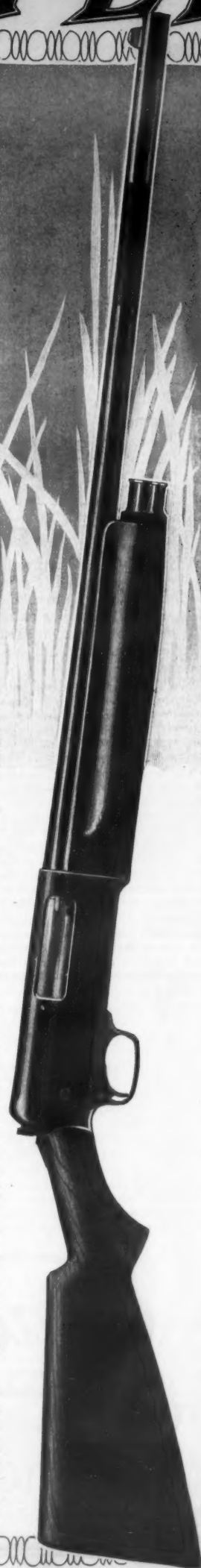
The Winchester Self-Loading Shotgun has all the good points of other recoil-operated Shotguns and also many distinctive and exclusive features which sportsmen have been quick to appreciate and endorse. Among them are Nickel steel construction throughout, and a receiver made with the Winchester patented "Bump of Strength" which gives the gun surpassing strength and safety.

¶ No readjustment of the gun is required for different loads. It shoots any safe load from a "Blank" to the heaviest with certainty and safety without tinkering the action. The recoil of this gun is divided, which makes it "kick" less and therefore pleasanter to shoot than any other similar arm. It can be used with facility as a single loader, as the action can be locked so as to remain open after any shot at the option of the shooter. There are no outside moving parts or any sharp corners or projections to injure the hands, and the receiver is entirely free from screws or pins to jar out, or assembling holes to weaken it.

¶ A two-part take-down system, with no loose parts to be left behind or lost, is used in this gun. When taken down, the action is accessible for cleaning. In safety, reliability and shooting qualities, this new model keeps pace with the established high Winchester standard.

*Look one Over at Your Dealer's, or send
to the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.,
New Haven, Conn., for descriptive circular*

A GUN PAR EXCELLENCE FOR WILD FOWL SHOOTING



MISSION



"I Dearly Love a Bargain"

AND that is what I got in my new Macey Book Cabinet. In it I possess a piece of furniture for my home that radiates the style, the good taste, and the genius of an Old Master; and my enjoyment is all the greater because it actually cost less than I would have paid for an ordinary bookcase.

"To have in my home and before my children constantly the influence of a mind like Thomas Sheraton, Robert Adam, Fra Junipero or Chippendale, who were among the world's greatest Masters in furniture, and to realize that such golden gifts of good taste and harmony were to be mine without costing something extra, was indeed a new and pleasing experience for me."

The new Macey Book Cabinets do not look sectional, but they are. They have been designed and wrought out as the Old Masters would have built them. They are made in such a variety of styles, grades and sizes, and all at such popular prices, that every taste may be satisfied, every expectation realized.

The bold but graceful Colonial patterns; the delicate and chaste Sheraton; the graceful and pleasing Chippendale; the quaint Arts-and-Crafts or more rugged Mission, made of mahogany or oak in all the popular finishes, afford such a variety to select from that your choice will not prove a disappointment to you afterwards.

Every new Macey Book Cabinet has the perfect non-binding doors which add so much to their value and are fitted with moveable and interchangeable feet—an exclusive feature of Macey Book Cabinets without which the correct styles of the Old Furniture Masters could not be carried out in sectional bookcases.

When you go to your merchant who carries Macey Book Cabinets, your eyes will convince you that the exquisite style of Macey Book Cabinets costs you nothing extra and that these sectional cabinets can be extended, rearranged or moved without spoiling their good looks.

The pure Mission style of cabinet here illustrated is 50 inches high and 34 inches wide, made of figured oak throughout with wood mullions, in any finish desired, for only \$17.50—or in choice mahogany for \$22.50 (a little more south of Kentucky and west of Nebraska).

Merchants in every locality sell Macey Book Cabinets at our uniform popular prices and with our warranty of quality.

A 72 page style book and price list containing valuable suggestions and some original articles on "What Constitutes Good Furniture," "Origin of the Unit Idea," and others, may be had for the asking from Macey merchants or by addressing The Macey Company, 952 South Division St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Macey
Book Cabinets
SECTIONAL

Suddenly, upon that peaceful scene there broke a crash, the tramping of a heavy foot. The Leonardo sprang up.

"Mercy! What is that?"

Straight through the shrubbery, not twenty yards away, pounded a tall young man. Up the emerald slope he dashed, plowing recklessly through a bed of early asters, then straight across the drive he sped, to that low knoll on which the goddess sat, the sunlight tangled in her wreathed hair.

"Now, what?" said the Leonardo, dazed. "Now, what do you know about that?"

"Booh!" cried the dryad, nipping her nose. "Somebody to sell her a New National Encyclopedia in half calf. Come along to Gym, you lazy lummoxes!"

She raced away in airy flight. Her comrades followed. And in that world of blue-and-golden peace, two people faced each other, soul alone.

Absorbed in her book, the goddess did not look up until his shadow darkened the grass. Then she sprang up with a charming, startled cry.

"Why, Stephen—Mr. Atterbury! I did not dream—What a pleasant surprise! You have just arrived from the West? Or—you are just going away?"

"Both," said the young man briefly. He stood before her, big, masterful, uncompromising. His boyish face was very white. His dogged jaw clinched. "Hit New York at seven this morning. Took the flyer up here. Start back to Denver at five—in just one hour, precisely. So do you. So run get your hat."

"Mr. Atterbury!"

"Run get your hat, I say. Call some girls and tell 'em to heave your traps into a trunk. Stop at the office and put in your resignation. Don't wait for telegrams or anything of the sort. We can manage all that on the train. Bring a warm coat. Denver is chilly by October."

THE goddess gasped. At length the words came.

"Really, Mr. Atterbury! Such a preposterous joke!"

"Ah! So you think it's a joke, too, eh?"

The goddess's cheek went white at his tone.

"A joke? Sally, you know better. You're sparring for time. Quit it. It won't do any good. You know I love you. You know that I am bound to have you. One mortal year I've let you hold me off. You won't hold me off any longer. Come along."

Silent, the goddess stood, as if carved in one with her stern white pedestal. The young man swallowed hard. Had the goddess hearkened, she could have heard his

knees knock against the pedestal. But his deep voice went storming on.

"Listen, Sally. Perhaps you hesitate to marry a poor man. Well, you can bank on it that your husband won't be a poor man for keeps. You think you do not love me. Never you mind. I'll teach you how. For I shall love you so dearly that you can't help but learn."

THE goddess did not move. Her lips set, ashen.

The young man bent to her. He was shaking now from head to foot. A gray mist thickened before his eyes. Terror lay cold on his heart, but his voice never swerved from its relentless bullying tone.

"So here I am, Sally. To take that which is mine. And keep it forever. For you are mine. Mine because I love you, because I need you, because—" And then his fear-dazed eyes fell on her drooping head, her white, trembling loveliness; and out poured the words of his own heart, new-minted, burning. "Oh, Sally, you beautiful, royal thing! Can't you see? Can't you understand? That you are all my life, that nothing else can ever count but you, you, you!"

Utterly silent, the goddess lifted her golden head. And in the very shadow of her pedestal she stooped, with an exquisite gesture of surrender, and caught his cold hands close in her soft grasp.

"But—but, Stephen!" And stunned by his own rapture, as one who clasps a goddess in truth, blind, dazed before the miracle, the young man felt her dear weight trembling in his arms, her sweet wet cheek against his own. "But, Stephen! You dearest, foolish, precious boy! If you wanted me so, if you needed me so, then why on earth couldn't you tell me this before?"

"Well," said the dryad, blinking vigorously as she watched the departing cab whirl down the avenue. "this is certainly setting a record! Although your Cousin Bessie's score lowered it by twenty minutes, I believe."

"It certainly did," puffed St. Cecilia. For a saint, her cheeks were extremely pink. This was not strange, considering that she had packed the goddess's trunk, hustled her into an improvised wedding gown, and officiated as maid of honor, all in one hour. "Nancy, you sawney! Why stand you gaping soulfully after them? They've reached the station by this time."

But the Leonardo still gazed over the vine-bound college wall. There shone a mystic light of prescience in her dark, angelic eyes.

"Do you suppose," she sighed, "that four years from now, when we get out of here . . . there'll be any more like That left?"

The Confessions of a Managing Editor

(Continued from page 30)

The Arizona item is typical of the kind he fills our columns with. It tells of the discovery of a new gold mine, which gives promise of a wonderful vein. That is all. Still, that is enough. The seed is planted. Next Sunday our advertising manager will carry half a page devoted to this gold mine in Arizona, with shares offered to the public—shares promising to pay anywhere from 20 per cent to 100 per cent within a year, and after that untold wealth—I fancy, for the boomers!

Does the tale of the gold mine end here? Not quite. If you read the half-page advertisement carefully, you will see it tells the reader to keep in touch with the gold-mine stock by reading the financial news column. A few days later there will be an item in the financial column booming Arizona mine stock. The item will have all the earmarks of bona fide news. It will be in the regular column signed Observer. Observer? Who is he? I don't know myself. All I know is the Observer is sent to us daily by our special advertising agent. Some of it is news, some of it.

In a recent article in "The Outlook" Theodore Roosevelt calls attention to those financial frauds, of which the Arizona mine is an ordinary sample. Of late the Post Office Department has put a few of them out of business, after these few had scooped in \$80,000,000! One-third of this \$80,000,000 is said to have been spent in newspaper advertising. Think of it! \$25,000,000 the tribute of poor people into the pockets of newspaper publishers!

We have had our share!

Have we ever played an active rôle for public welfare? Have we ever sided with the people against the vested interests? Yes, there was a time some years ago when we voiced a popular cry against the trolley company. There was a reason.

At this time I had been on the desk long enough to know where my bread and butter came from. Part of it, I knew, came from the trolley company in the form of advertising. Part of it came to the business office in the form of free

tickets. Then one morning some poor fellow citizen, who could not even spell correctly, wrote me a letter, complaining of the poor service on his trolley line. He said it was intolerable. I thought of our advertising and the free trolley tickets. I threw his letter away. You see, in my fight with the Giant Despair, I had been beaten once too often. But there—I am forgetting. What is there to apologize for!

On second thought, however, I took the letter from the floor and went to my friend the publisher with an idea. My idea was to get at the truth in regard to the trolley service, print letters if we got them, and carry on a campaign for the people. I feared if we did not do it some other paper would. To my astonishment the publisher quietly said:

"A good idea! Go ahead!"

The following day we came out with a display headline, telling the truth about the road—how cars were run haphazard, how they were overcrowded, how complaints were ignored, etc. We kept up the campaign all that week, in which time numberless people stopped me on the street, saying: "Splendid!"

We got hundreds of letters indorsing our stand. Some of them even asked if we weren't afraid of the trolley corporation? Weren't we getting free tickets?

To tell the truth, I wondered myself, and then at the end of the second week I got orders from the publisher to print no more about the trolley. Had the service grown better? Not at all! On the contrary, the company had seen fit to ignore the entire campaign.

For a solution, I went to the business manager, who, when he saw what information I wanted, broke into a grin.

"Probably you didn't know it," he said, "but your idea of a trolley campaign came in the nick of time."

"How?" I said.

"Well, of late, the old man and the advertising agent of the road have been having a fine row over rates, and the company took out their ad. The agent ac-

Garford

MOTOR CARS

THE large number of influential people who own Garford cars signifies, probably, better than anything else the calibre of this machine. For instance, the list of bankers forms a very interesting group of prominent individuals—men that control some of the most powerful banking institutions in America.

¶ H. P. Davison of the Morgan house owns a Garford. So does A. B. Hepburn, President of the First National Bank, S. G. Bayne, President of the Seaboard National Bank, William H. Porter, President of the Chemical National Bank, and F. B. Schenck, President of the Liberty National Bank—all of New York City. J. B. and R. D. Forgan, the big Chicago bankers, both own Garfords. And there are many others.

¶ For nine years the Garford has been the choice of those who are accustomed to having the best. Back in 1902 it was—as it is today—the most advanced car made. Its fine

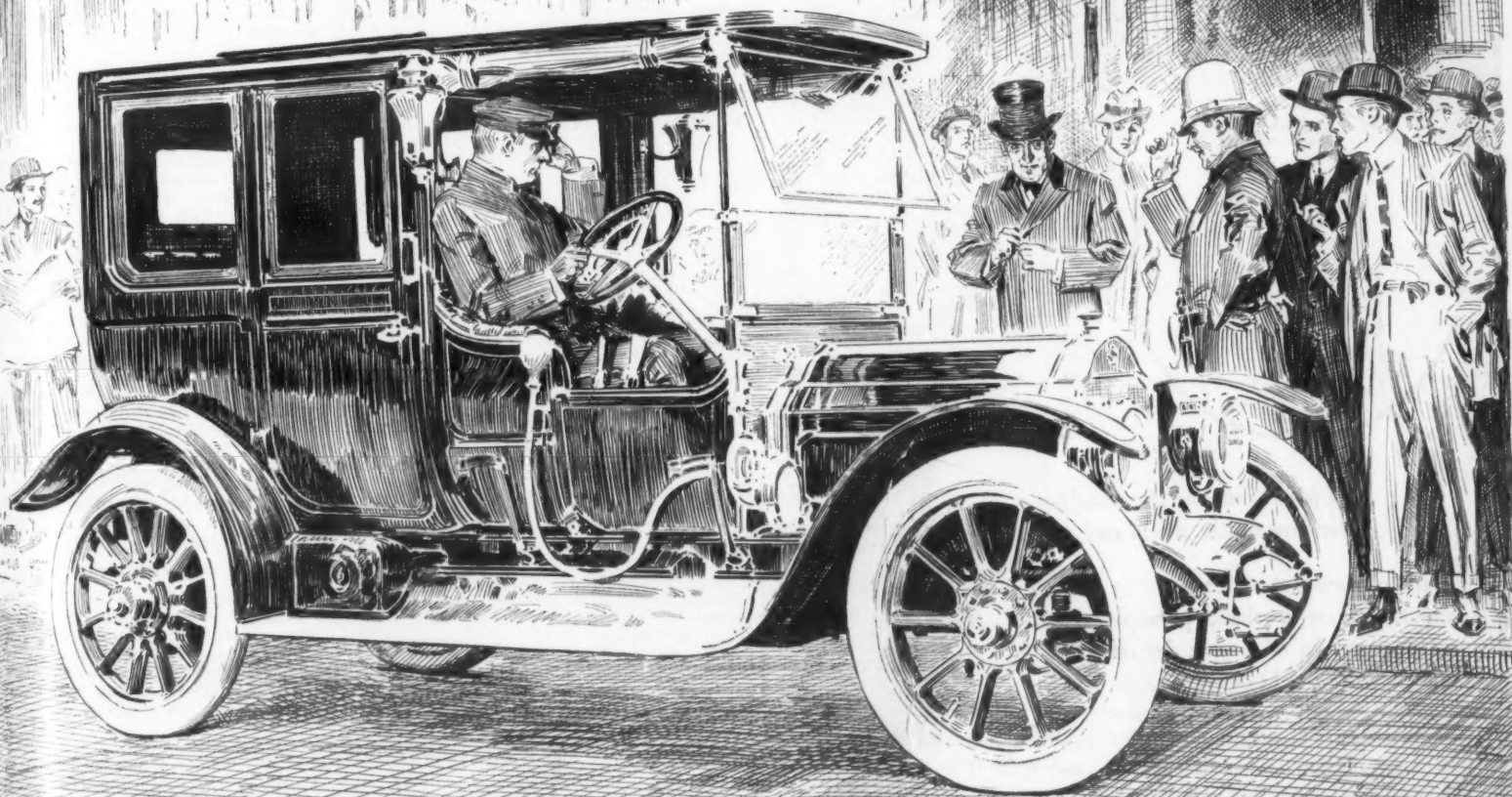
and unquestioned mechanical perfection, thorough construction, and superb finish has never been equaled in any other car.

¶ The model illustrated here is our "Forty" Town Car priced at \$4800—a very practical and unusually comfortable car for this time of the year.

¶ In addition to the well known Garford "Forty" we now have the Four-Thirty and Six-Fifty. Made in all styles of open and closed bodies. We will be glad to send you a Garford book which fully describes the complete line.

The Willys-Garford Sales Company, Toledo, Ohio

We make a complete line of commercial cars

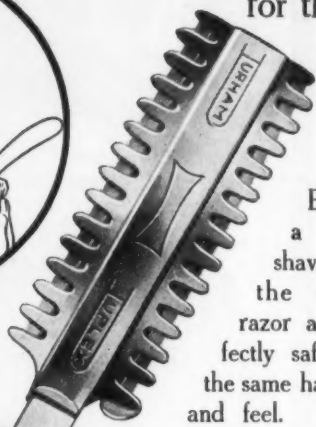


There's only one right way of shaving

There is only one safe razor that shaves the right way. You know well enough that the old-style straight razor is a better shaving instrument than the hoe-shaped, so-called "safeties." You may be using it now, or you would be if it were not for the dan-



Quick and easy



gerous naked blade.

But here is a razor that shaves just like the old-style razor and is perfectly safe. It has the same hang and set and feel. It shaves with the correct diagonal stroke that is the first principle of real shaving.

DURHAM-DUPLEX The "safe" Razor

is a real razor for real shaving. It doesn't scrape like hoe-shaped instruments. It leaves the skin smooth and velvety instead of rough and harsh. You use it both ways—it is double edged. You have six sharp double edged blades to start with and you can strop 'em all quickly with the stropping attachment which can be put on in a jiffy.



Feels Good

We have made the Durham-Duplex Blade the Standard of the World and will maintain it.

Made of special steel, tempered by secret process, hollow ground and honed on the hand principle, this blade takes and holds a keener cutting edge than any other. It is staunch and firm—will not waver, split or crack.

Standard set—razor, guard, stropping attachment and six blades—packed in handsome flat leather case, \$5. Traveler's Kit—full outfit in pigskin roll, \$5. 12 Cutting Edges (6 blades), 50c.

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO.
New York—London

cused him of playing a regular hold-up game. But it's all right now."

"What do you mean?"
"Oh, they've gotten together again and signed a new contract. Of course, that ends our trolley campaign for the people."

"There's a reason," I said to myself.
One other time only, as I now recall it, we took what appeared to be a fearless stand. On this occasion we joined with COLLIER'S in its war on the patent-medicine grafters. This time the fearless thing was done by the publisher himself.

Previously, it seems, I had deliberately printed something which should not have been printed—from an advertising point of view. The upshot of it was, thereafter I was to do as I was told or else walk the plank. I still needed the bread and butter, and I promised to obey.

"Remember now," said the publisher at parting, "if I ever give you an order, I want it carried out just as I give it. I don't ask you to reason for me. I know what I want done, and all I ask is for you to do it."

A few days later the publisher showed me a letter written him by a friend, a fresh-air-club man. This letter asked the publisher kindly to republish an article in a certain outdoor magazine on the subject of consumption. With the letter came a copy of the outdoor magazine. The publisher handed me both, saying:

"Now look after this for me, will you? The article my friend speaks of you will find in this copy of the magazine. Please see that it's reprinted and that a copy is sent my friend. Incidentally, here is a chance for you to remember what I said about orders. You haven't forgotten?"

"No, I haven't forgotten," I answered. "Very well," he said. "Now don't let me have to speak of this again. Get it into the paper as soon as you can."

From the Old Man

I TOOK the letter and the magazine to the editorial-room, and gave them to a copy-reader with orders to write a display heading and a brief introduction.

"This comes from the old man," I said. "Tell Mooney to use, will you, the first chance he gets."

Mooney was then our composing-room foreman.

My copy-reader did as he was told, and the matter passed out of my mind until a few days later, when Mooney himself stood before my desk.

"I've got a couple of columns out there to fill in a hurry," said he.

"Put in that reprint on consumption," I said.

"I've got it in," he answered.

"Send it down then."

"I was just going to when I happened to see what it's about. Do you know what it is?"

"No. All I know is the old man gave me orders to see that it gets into the paper right away."

"I'll bet he never read it," went on Mooney.

"What is it?" I said. "An article on consumption, isn't it?"

"It's COLLIER'S attack on the patent medicines," he said.

"Yes," said the copy-reader. "The article I headed up was an expose of the fake drug cures. It was a reprint from COLLIER'S."

"Do you want to run that?" said the foreman.

"I haven't any option in the matter," I said.

"Hadden't you better speak to the old man about it?"

"No, he isn't here to be spoken to," I answered. "He's up north—fishing trip."

Mooney began to grin.

"What's the joke?" said I.

"It's by Samuel Hopkins Adams. You know that fellow, don't you? You know how he soaks 'em?"

"Yes, but what of it?"

"Well, the joke is: Lydia's on that page, and I've put Sam up against her!"

"Lydia?"

"Yes, our old friend, Lydia Pinkham. You know she calls for top of column, next to pure reading matter. Shall I send 'em down together?"

"Yes."

So into the world went Lydia, flanked by Samuel, and that day our readers saw the following fearless headline:

FAKE CONSUMPTION CURES

Some of the Harmful "Remedies" Offered the Public

In the next column one might read:

Backache—"The Blues"

Both Symptoms of Organic Derangement in Women—Thousands of Sufferers Find Relief, etc.

Before long the business manager put a marked copy of the day's paper on my

desk. He had marked off the article from COLLIER'S.

This article attacked a number of our regular patent-medicine advertisers.

"How did this happen to be printed?" he said.

Finding Out

I TOLD him my orders from the publisher.

"He couldn't have read the article," said the manager.

"What are you going to do about it?" I said.

"There's only one thing to do," he answered. "The Pinkham people can't help but see it, and you know they aren't what you might call friendly with COLLIER'S."

"I'll telegraph our special agent and have him try to straighten it out with the Pinkham people and with all the others. He'll have to say it was all a bad mistake."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Who knows? Perhaps, after all, the old man really wanted it printed?"

"We'll soon find out," he said.

Yes, we soon found out.

By return mail I got a letter in his own handwriting, which ran something as follows:

"MY DEAR BLANK—When I picked you for managing editor I supposed you were endowed with at least the intelligence of an ordinary reporter, but, after an experience of several years, what is the conclusion I have come to? I have come to the conclusion that you fail to show what might be regarded even as ordinary intelligence."

"I am led to say this on looking over a copy of the paper now before me, in which I note you reprint an article from COLLIER'S WEEKLY, attacking patent medicines. To say that I am disappointed is not to say enough. I am angered beyond mere words. Something will have to be done about this—the worst case of blundering stupidity on your part that has ever come to my knowledge as publisher, etc."

"THE PUBLISHER."

On finishing his letter I called his personal stenographer and dictated the following reply:

"MY DEAR PUBLISHER—When I accepted you for my publisher I supposed you were endowed with the intelligence of an ordinary reporter, but after an experience of several years, what is the conclusion I have come to? I have come to the conclusion that you fail to show what might be regarded even as ordinary intelligence."

"I am led to say this on looking over a copy of your letter now before me, in which I note you scold me for reprinting the article from COLLIER'S, exposing the patent-medicine fraud cures for consumption."

"To say that I am disappointed is not to say enough. I am angered beyond mere words. Something will have to be done about this—the worst case of blundering stupidity on your part that has ever come to my knowledge as managing editor. You yourself ordered me to reprint this article, etc."

"THE MANAGING EDITOR."

The outcome?

When he learned the real situation, my friend the publisher humbly begged my pardon.

"I had no idea the article I gave you was a reprint from COLLIER'S, or I never would have touched it. I didn't stop to read it."

"That is how it happened. Hereafter I shall have to depend upon you to pass upon even what I send up for the paper. You know? To see that it conforms to our policy? By this time you know what our policy is?"

"Yes," I answered. "I believe I do. At least I know a man can't quarrel with his bread and butter!"

After All, Isn't It Worth While?

SO it has gone on now for ten years under my own eyes. So will it go on. I fancy, another ten years, for my friend the publisher now tells me I am the best managing editor he has ever had. At any rate, in these ten years now passing, his paper has put in his pocket nearly a million dollars!

Nearly a million!

After all, isn't it worth while? What if we do smooth over the bad shows? What if we do help along a fire sale? What if we do throw dust into the eyes of women and girls? What if we do side with the public-service corporations? What if we do lure poor women to pay loan sharks \$175 for a borrowed \$25? What if we do sell our readers worthless mining stock? What if we do encourage the dying to swallow a worthless drug as a cure for consumption?

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HERE is a true photograph of
the STEIN-BLOCH Belted
Ulster, a *great* coat for the autoist.
It has warmth, comfort, style.

An example of the STEIN-BLOCH art
of coat-making as applied to outer-coats for
all men and all occasions. Ask your nearest
dealer to show you this STEIN-BLOCH
coat on *you*. . . . Send for "Smart-
ness," a book of photographed Winter
Styles, together with nearest dealer's name.

This is the label that means 57 years of
knowing how. Demand it always.



THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY Makers of
STEIN-BLOCH SMART CLOTHES
New York ROCHESTER, N.Y. Boston Chicago

Superior

A PERFECT UNION SUIT

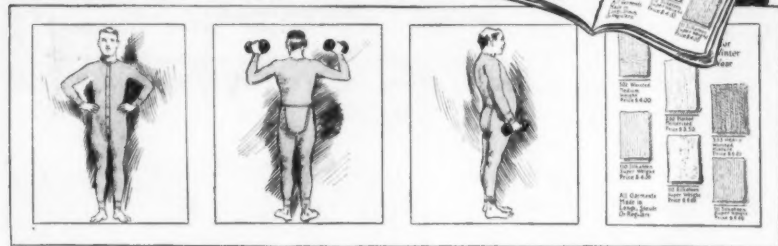
This is the idea that made the Union Suit Perfect

Read the panel to the left. It is the highest achievement in underwear making—a union suit that always stays closed—that fits all over—feels perfectly comfortable, always.

Go to the nearest retailer and get a Superior Union Suit. Know for the first time what real underwear satisfaction means.

Write today for this free book of styles and fabrics, containing the story of the Perfect Union Suit and actual samples of the materials, at all prices. Write today to THE SUPERIOR UNDERWEAR CO., Dept. B, PIQUA, O. Superior Union Suits are for sale at all leading dealers \$1 and up. Look for red Superior label. It's your guarantee of fit, finish and service unsurpassed.

The feature that makes the Union Suit practical for every man. All the natural union suit advantages with the Superior "Lap without cap" in addition. No gaping here—no bunching or bluing. A smooth even fold ALWAYS.



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BRICKBATS & BOUQUETS

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, with commendable tact and good taste, has switched from its old obsession of patent-medicine frauds and fake breakfast foods, which practically everybody had grown tired of, to hazelwand water wizarding and joint-snakes, in which all of its readers will be at once keenly interested.

—Fort Worth (Texas) Star-Telegram.

As a result of the article on Centerville which appeared in last week's issue of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, several letters have been received by business men of Centerville from people in Northern States inquiring about the price of land and the opportunities offered homeseekers in this county.—Centerville (Tenn.) Hickman County Citizen.

Of course, when reference is made by a muddle-minded bourgeois Collierized magazine to "government" it means the executive committee of the ruling class.

—New York (N. Y.) People.

WINCHESTER, MASS. Please accept congratulations for the successful manner in which you seem to be attaining your ideals. I trust that the cordial approval generally felt, as I believe, for COLLIER'S, may encourage you to continue.

SCHUYLER F. HERRON, Superintendent of Schools.

ATLANTA, GA. An editorial writer with a conscience, as well as conspicuous ability, is a glorious proposition, to my mind. Your several editorials on the "fine points" of various baseball players were clear, strong, and convincing, and displayed an acute insight into the fundamental principles governing the game.

CHARLES A. LAMAR.

BATH, N. Y. EDITOR "AVERAGE MAN'S MONEY": Sir—I note with pleasure your efforts to point out the pitfalls, and like the sand in your craw. Go to it!

W. A. BANGHART.

ST. LOUIS, MO. Good work! bully good craftsmanship! And finely balanced sanity in all particulars. You out-Voltaire Voltaire.

Your "Consolidation" editorial (in re Charles Fourier of blessed memory) greatly delights me. Give us more of the same. Here's to you, sir! LOUIS ALBERT LAMB.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is muckraking the land department of Minnesota, showing that our State lands, instead of being conserved for the people, have been allowed to rapidly go into the hands of big interests and rich syndicates. If not true, our State officers should get busy and show why it is not so. It is up to them. There are those in this State who believe that COLLIER'S has told the truth.

—Fairmont (Minn.) Sentinel.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY seems to have aroused the ire of some of the State officers by criticizing the law passed at the last session of the Legislature, repealing the restrictions surrounding the sale of State lands. Yet the purpose of COLLIER'S is wholly friendly, and State officers would better heed its advice than to become peevish because an outside publication presumes to counsel the State regarding one of its most important duties—that of getting its vacant and idle lands as soon as possible into the hands of actual settlers and tillers of the soil.—Duluth (Minn.) Herald.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY of September 16 gives Mr. Taft some good advice, and says: "The best thing to help him is for his Tariff Board in December to give a report that Congress will accept. Next to that is to make the best possible appointments (notably of Secretary Wilson's successor), let the Insurgents alone, and earnestly help Congress to solve the situation in Alaska."

This is the best of advice, but, judging from the past of Mr. Taft, he will not accept it.—Fredericksburg (Va.) Journal.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY says it will eagerly welcome La Follette as the Republican

candidate for President. Thus the most powerful weekly in America is lined up with the most radical of the insurgent element.—Malden (Mass.) News.

What COLLIER'S evidently wants for a Senate leader is a friend of the blather-skites and muckrakers.

—Troy (N. Y.) Press.

COLLIER'S says in reply to "howls" for its views on Controller Bay: "We shall take a hand in the matter next winter, earlier if we feel like it, but not otherwise."

Sit still, our heart, sit still. You shall know as soon as it is good for you.—Life.

You may have wondered what ever became of Ballinger's bold resolve to reestablish his character in open court. So have we. No one has ever heard anything of those suits since COLLIER'S defied him to go ahead and sue.

—New Orleans (La.) Item.

BUFFALO, N. Y. Mark Sullivan, in his "Comment on Congress," is the best political writer of to-day. By best, I mean fairest.

ROBERT A. HOFFMAN.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY is a staunch admirer of the South. Quick to go to the bottom of a proposition, ready to appreciate real value wherever found, this large and influential journal has become thoroughly convinced that nowhere in the nation is there to be found a section which promises so much as the South; a section so richly blessed with boundless resources.

—Charlotte (N. C.) News.

COLLIER'S is notorious for the betrayal of its friends.—COLLIER'S.

A paper true to the public is sure to be "notorious for the betrayal of its friends." The clansman can't understand that; his idea is to stay with his friends whether right or wrong.

—Waco (Texas) Times-Herald.

COLLIER'S WEEKLY, probably a well-meaning concern, but destitute of understanding and knowledge.

—Roanoke (Va.) Times.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA. I have yet to find the physician who is not pleased with your advanced position in championing the cause of public health and pure food. LEIGH F. WATSON, M.D.

To read the comments on newspapers in COLLIER'S must lead the student to believe that the people are not led around to any disastrous extent by newspapers and politicians.—Joliet (Ill.) News.

COLLIER'S is now on the track of a reform that has real common sense back of it—the enactment of a law to protect suckers who are annually pouring millions into worthless mining schemes.

—Atchison (Kans.) Globe.

The approach of the conditions in public life desired by the vast majority of the people who are true to themselves and their neighbors in private life is more clearly shown when an influential national journal like COLLIER'S couples up the names of Woodrow Wilson and Oscar Underwood as Presidential selections.

—Mobile (Ala.) Register.

How keenly the country is interested in the pace California is setting in the progressive movement is shown by the attention COLLIER'S WEEKLY is giving affairs in this State. Scarce an edition of that powerful champion of human rights fails to note something praiseworthy about the way the Johnson administration is putting into play the spirit of an aroused people.—Los Angeles (Cal.) Tribune.



A MAN likes to appear at his very best when he is in evening dress. A bulging, creased bosom will spoil his most painstaking efforts. Avoid it—get a

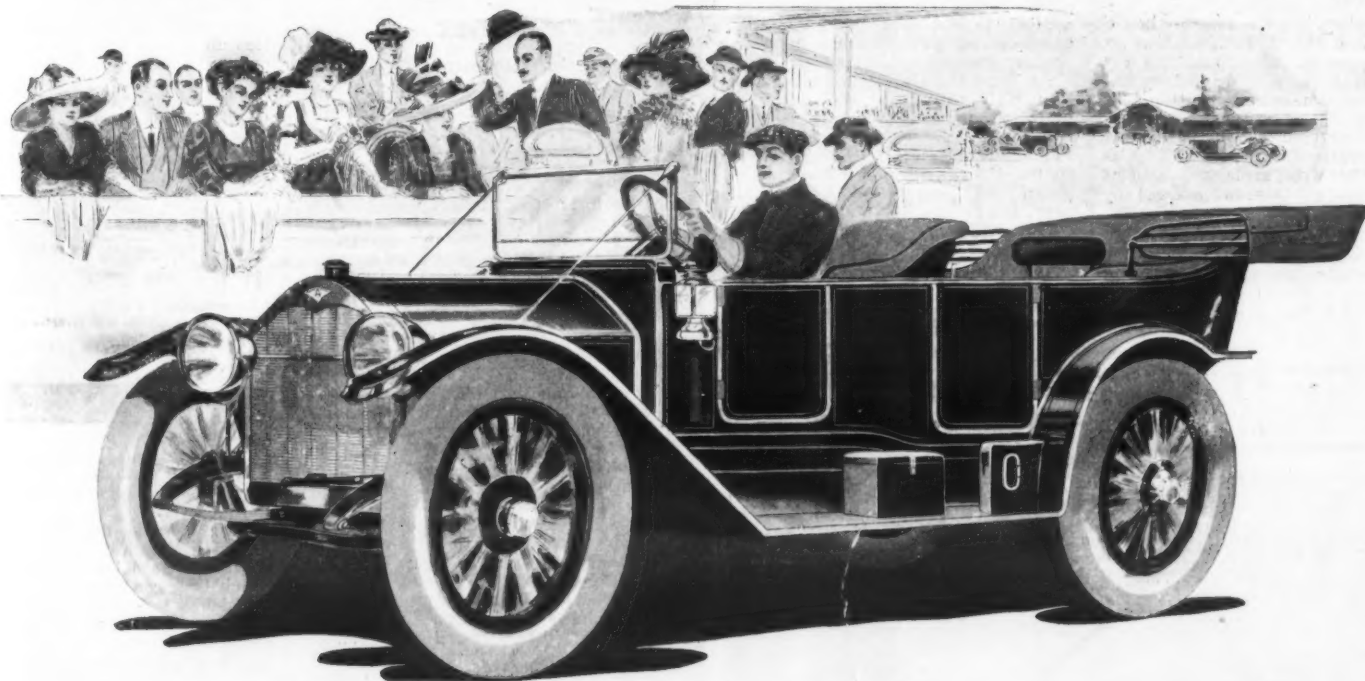


Donchester Dress Shirt

a Cluett Dress Shirt that has a bosom that slides over the trouser band instead of bulging out of the waistcoat. \$2 to \$3

Send for Donchester booklet. CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., 459 River Street, Troy, N. Y.

"What a splendid car he drives"



Abbott-Detroit "44" 7 Passenger Touring Car, Price \$1800

Read this letter—It is written by the owner of the first 1912 **Abbott-Detroit "44"**—
Such enthusiasm is characteristic of Abbott-Detroit ownership

THE CUDAHY PACKING COMPANY
12 & 14 Terminal Office Bldg.
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9-12-'11

The Abbott Motor Co.,
Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen:—The writer being the first individual owner of your new model "44", and inasmuch as I personally drove this car right out of your factory a straight 800 miles, I consider that it is nothing more than

right to advise you of my trip, and how well pleased I am with the car. I made the entire trip in three days without a single mishap, not even any tire trouble. I know that you will be pleased to know that I made the trip without changing off high gear, which I consider is remarkable, in view of the fact that over 150 miles of it was made in a very heavy rain and mostly up grade, the roads being very muddy. Since returning to Pittsburg, I have tested it out on the very worst hills we have, which are pretty hard to beat on account of the roughness

and steepness—going up each time on high gear with five passengers in the machine, without any apparent extra effort.

You are surely to be complimented on this new model, which should be a self-seller, as I personally feel that I really got more than my money's worth in this car.

Wishing you continued success in your new enterprise, I am,
Yours very truly,
A. F. HARRISON.

Send for Our Beautiful Art Catalogue—Abbott Motor Company, 602 Waterloo St., Detroit, Mich.

The Average Man's Money

A Page for Investors

Regulating Security Issues of Public Service Corporations

By WILLIAM R. WILCOX.

Chairman of the Public Service Commission for the First District of New York

On July 1, 1907, the two New York Public Service Commissions created by the Legislature on the recommendation of Hon. Charles E. Hughes, then Governor, entered upon their official duties. To each Commission the Legislature delegated broad powers for the regulation and control of the corporations under their jurisdiction, which include principally steam railroads, street railroads, gas, electric light, heat and power, and express companies. In supervising the finances and regulating the operation of public service corporations, the Commissions perform a most important work in the interest of the people of New York



William R. Wilcox

PROVISION of the Public Service Commission Law of New York forbids public service corporations under its jurisdiction to issue new bonds or stock without the approval of the Commission. Therefore the Commission has been called upon from time to time to pass upon applications for its approval of various issues of proposed securities by various companies.

Before the era of public regulation there had been practically no official curb upon corporations in this respect, and overcapitalization, particularly with transit companies, was the result. Many companies had gone to the extreme in putting out stock and bond issues, which, while given a fictitious value in the markets by manipulation, eventually diminished in value when the true worth of the property against which they were issued became known. The result was a shrinkage in values of such securities, especially traction stocks, which brought loss to many investors.

In passing upon applications for security issues, therefore, the Commission was on its guard against the evils of overcapitalization, and invariably insisted that every dollar's worth of value in the proposed securities should be backed up by a dollar's worth of value in the property against which they were to be issued. Pursuing this policy, the Commission in the four years from July 1, 1907, to June 30, 1911, has approved only \$89,153,219 out of a total of \$307,824,940 asked by the companies. Applications aggregating \$68,851,500 are still pending.

The following table shows the number of such applications made, the companies by whom they were made, the amount asked for, and the amount allowed by the Commission:

Company	Nature of Security	Amount Applied for	Amount Allowed
N. Y. & Queens Elec. Lt. & Pr. Co.	Bonds	\$2,000,000
East River Term. R. R. Co.	Stock	10,000
Coney Island & Brooklyn R. R. Co.	Bonds	30,000	\$30,000
Coney Island & Brooklyn R. R. Co.	Bonds	568,500	490,000
Interborough Rap. Tran. Co.	Bonds	30,000,000	30,000,000
Manhattan Railway Co.	Gold Certs.	25,000,000	25,000,000
Manhattan Railway Co.	Bonds	10,818,000	10,818,000
Brooklyn Union Gas Co.	Bonds	894,000	894,000
Nassau Elec. R. R. Co.	Stock	3,000,000	3,000,000
Brooklyn Union El. R. R. Co.	Demand Certs.	5,000,000
Long Acre Elec. Lt. & Pr. Co.	Demand Certs.	20,000,000
City Island R. R. Co.	Bonds	50,000,000	4,000,000
Pelham Park R. R. Co.	Pfd. Stock	10,000,000 com.	2,000,000
Coney Island & Brooklyn R. R. Co.	Bonds	50,000
Kings County Ltg. Co.	Bonds	50,000
South Flatbush R. R. Co.	Bonds	372,000	151,000
Third Avenue R. R. Co.	Bonds	450,000	200,000
Bondholders' Comm.	Bonds	30,000
Spuyt. Duyv. & Pt. Mor. R. R. Co.	Bonds	\$48,516,800
Bronx Gas & Elec. Co.	Stock	\$20,000,000
Nassau Elec. R. R. Co.	Bonds	2,500,000	2,500,000
Kings Co. Elec. Lt. & Pr. Co.	Bonds	740,000	643,000
Third Avenue R. R. Co.	Bonds	730,000	730,000
Bondholders' Comm.	Bonds	5,000,000	2,500,000
New York Edison Co.	Bonds	38,326,000
Bronx Gas & Elec. Co.	Stock	16,590,000
Coney Island & Brooklyn R. R. Co.	Stock	5,349,400	5,349,400
Coney Island & Brooklyn R. R. Co.	Bonds	153,000	154,000
Metropolitan St. Ry. Co.	Notes	\$500,000	\$500,000
Bondholders' Comm.	Bonds	109,740	91,819
Nassau Elec. R. R. Co.	Bonds	50,701,500
Manhattan Bridge 3c. Line.	Stock	14,150,000
28th & 29th Sts. Crosstown R. R. Co.	Bonds	52,000	52,000
Bondholders' Comm.	Stock	50,000	50,000
		1,000,000
		500,000
		\$363,240,940	\$89,153,219

¹ The foregoing involves a duplication of \$54,916,000 representing second application of Third Avenue R. R. Co. Bondholders' Comm., and \$500,000 notes of Coney Island and Brooklyn R. R. Co., which were secured by bonds previously authorized.

Streets Crosstown Railroad Company, the Forty-second Street, Manhattanville and St. Nicholas Avenue Railroad Company, the Dry Dock, East Broadway and Battery Railroad Company, the Fulton Street Railroad Company, Westchester Electric Railway Company, Union Railway Company, and the Yonkers Railroad Company.

The Central Park, North and East River Railroad Company, which had been leased by the Metropolitan, went back to its stockholders, and is now operated in its own name. The other companies went into the hands of receivers, and to-day are struggling out of difficult situations caused by the general insolvency.

The Commission, in approving issues of securities, has demanded that there be ample property values behind the securities issued by public service corporations. The adoption of this policy made it incumbent upon the Commission to ascertain the value of the physical property of a company proposing to float new securities. Such appraisals became necessary in rate cases as well as in applications for security issues. For instance, during the Commission's investigation of the ten-cent fare to Coney Island, it was necessary to make an appraisal of the physical value of the properties of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit System. This was a large and expensive work, but the Commission had it thoroughly done, and when its figures were presented in public hearings they became official evidence of the actual worth of the railroad system.

The reorganization proceedings of the Third Avenue Railroad Company and the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, with their applications for approval of proposed security issues, also compelled an investigation into the value of their properties. These investigations were brought to a conclusion during the present year. The Third Avenue appraisal was put in evidence at the hearings on the second reorganization plan. The Metropolitan appraisal will soon be introduced in evidence in the hearing on the Metropolitan reorganization plan. In all, utility property aggregating in value over \$225,000,000 has been appraised.

Tempting Country Bankers

The cashier of a country bank in Pennsylvania is the author of the letter printed below. Is it true that the promoters use bankers' lists in sending out their literature? The editor would be glad to hear from bankers whose experiences have been similar to those of A. G. B.

EDITOR "THE AVERAGE MAN'S MONEY":

SIR—As you suggest in your letter, a collection of "Opportunities to Get Rich Quick" that come to us will be interesting. Some come to me personally and some are addressed to the bank. The numerous bank directories furnish a good mailing list.

When Montgomery Shoshone—gold stock—was listed on the Pittsburgh Exchange, I once bought five shares. They got my name R. G. instead of A. G., and soon thereafter it must have been given to or stolen by the Sheffels crowd. How far it has gone since I don't know.

I am inclined to believe that nearly all country bankers get this kind of mail. This bank has been in existence nine years, and during that time I have known of many who lost in gold, copper, zinc, and lead mining schemes; some in the Story cotton deal; others in auto-press, etc.

Preachers as Salesmen

Two particularly bad gold-mining schemes were worked here. A preacher with a soft, insinuating voice blew in from somewhere. He was a preacher all right—not an entire stranger. He and others had a mining proposition in Idaho or Montana. He carefully assured prospective buyers that the stock would be sold only to good Christian people, as it was his intention to use all the money he made for the "Lord's cause," and he wanted others to do likewise. In Jefferson township, adjoining us, he, with the aid of a local minister, sold stock that cost the buyers \$50,000. Big dividends were to be forthcoming within six months. No dividend was ever paid. It appears that they

actually had property, and a committee of inexperts went out and looked it over. They came back enthusiastic. The reason for the failure, they reported, was inability to get the ore to a smelter. They only needed a railroad.

Men who took stock in this company assure me that \$50,000 is a low estimate of the amount of money that was paid in. I think there was one assessment also. A woman who had ten shares of stock in our bank insisted on selling it to put the money—a little over \$1,000—into the scheme, that she might be in a better position to educate her children. This was about 1904.

Mining Stock vs. Bank Stock

The original preacher-salesman, I think, was a monomaniac. He talked with intense earnestness, in a well-modulated tone of voice. He couldn't have done better had he been trying to save a man's soul from eternal damnation. I heard him only once, and was sure it was no good, but I could see how he would influence others. He took the money of widows, orphans, single women advancing in years, and weak-minded persons, as well as men who ought to know what they were doing. And he did it as though he were going to confer an eternal blessing upon them.

Afterward a copper-mining scheme floated through the same neighborhood. Another preacher sold this. He was in the ministry—had a charge not many miles away in another county. Here was where all former losses were to be recouped. I learned the other day that this company was also all in.

It is remarkable how credulous people are about things they do not understand—rather about the things of which they do not have intimate knowledge. It is just as remarkable how incredulous they are about some things where the knowledge is obtainable. This river town is over one hundred years old, and never had a bank until 1902. Some of our neighbors preferred gold-mining stock to bank stock. "There never had been a bank here. It wouldn't pay." Other neighbors took stock in a brewery that was starting at the same time. It was also their opinion that there would be more money in it. They lost all in the first and some in the second. We haven't made enormous profits, but we have a surplus and have been paying dividends for several years. If all possible losses were charged off, the bank stock would be worth—book value—\$150.

Almost any country bank cashier could a wondrous tale unfold of hard-earned money swept away by the lure of the swindler.

A. G. B.

"The Truth Will Win"

FROM the September 25 "Salesman," published by the Houston Orchard Company of Webster, Texas, these paragraphs are quoted. To the sentiment contained in them, the editor of this page says, Amen:

"Some of our agents have written it, drawing our attention to the recent articles in COLLIER'S WEEKLY about the Salsuma orange business.

"A number of other people have asked me what I thought of these articles—if they would not have a damaging effect on the industry.

"The answer is decidedly 'No!'

"Let the truth be known.

"If there are individuals or companies which have contracted to plant trees and to take care of them—and if these people have not lived up to the spirit as well as the letter of the contract—let it be known."

A Report from Kansas

A LAW requiring companies that sell stock in Kansas to secure permission from the State Bank Commissioner has been in force a little over seven months. Over 500 have applied, but only forty-four have passed the close scrutiny of the Commissioner. Kansas has been asked for copies of the law by the banking departments of practically all of the other States.

Kansas investors are pleased. One salesman writes to the editor of this page: "I sold \$2,000 worth of an industrial stock to a farmer who had never owned a stock certificate simply because he had 'that paper from Dolley.'" J. N. Dolley is the Bank Commissioner of Kansas.

Wise Men's Questions

Wise men judge a city by many and various standards, not by few.

They know that no steady business can rest secure on any one support, but that it must rely for firmness and for growth upon the greatest possible variety and diversity of contributory facts and causes.

This is the Law of Location as applied to community-life, and to industrial and commercial prosperity in the sustained sense.

And there is one city, one, MEMPHIS, which most strikingly and impressively meets and answers the "wise men's questions" of buoyant and fast-growing markets, cheap power and cheap fuel, contented and efficient labor, nearness to sources of supply of cheap raw materials, economic cost of manufacture and quick and easy traffic and distribution facilities. To these add the great considerations of health and home and happy living; good society, good schools and churches and you have—MEMPHIS.

Factories here are flourishing; so are the jobbing interests—both in answer to the "wise men's questions."

Let us send you the Special Report attested by R. G. Dun & Co. You'll find it as amazing as it is interesting and true! Mention also that you want a free copy of "THE SOUTH TO-DAY."

Address:

MEMPHIS
Business Men's Club

Jas. S. Warren, Commissioner

To Investors Seeking Safety and 6%

We offer a sound First Mortgage 6% bond investment, safeguarded fivefold by the following excellent features:

- 1st. The security represents an actual investment of nearly four times the amount of the bond issue and is rapidly increasing in value.
- 2nd. The stockholders have an actual investment in the property behind the bonds of more than two and one-half times the issue.
- 3rd. The Company's present net earnings show a large margin over principal and interest requirements.
- 4th. The management and ownership are in strong and thoroughly experienced hands.
- 5th. The mortgage contains sinking fund provisions which will more than meet the requirements of these bonds.

These bonds are serial, maturing in from six months to ten years, and the margin of security will steadily increase.

Ask for Circular No. 734 C.

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.

Established 1865

105 S. La Salle Street, Chicago

SCOTCH CALABASH PIPES

Why kill yourself by smoking a strong pipe? You can get a Scotch Calabash that absorbs all nicotine and poisons and ensures a cool, sweet smoke. Money back if you are not satisfied.

THE ROYAL PIPE CO. 210 Broad St., Nashville, Tenn.

PATENTS

How to Get Every Dollar Your Invention is Worth.

Send 8c. stamps for our new interesting and valuable 128-p. book.

R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. 51, Washington, D. C.

Co-Citizens of California

(Continued from page 30)

crowd, great 8 by 10 foot posters adorned the billboards, merchants displayed suffrage show windows for a week, and nickelodeons were furnished with sets of slides as: (a) Picture of mother and baby, labeled "Baby's First Friend"; (b) baby with milk bottle, "Baby's Next Best Friend"; (c) the milk depot; (d) the printed statement, "Between the cow and the baby come the milkman and the milk inspector. If politics is in baby's food, why should not mother be in politics? Vote for the women of California, October the tenth." For the street meetings a bugler was always employed to attract the passers-by, and on one occasion a man who espied Mrs. Elsie Arden Brackell, the singer, sitting in an automobile, shouted to her: "I'll vote for you if you'll sing a song"; and she obligingly responded with "Annie Laurie."

The Men Help

THIS good will of the men was everywhere manifest. Following the brotherly attitude of Mr. Braly, other prominent people took to the suffrage stump. Among the most active were the Rev. Charles F. Aked of San Francisco, formerly the Rockefeller pastor in New York, who proudly declared that the only political party he had joined since coming to this country was the Woman's Suffrage party; President David Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford Jr. University, unique as the only man serving among the honorary presidents of the California Equal Suffrage Association; the Rev. Robert J. Burdette of Pasadena—"Bob Burdette, the little minister," as he is lovingly called; and Father Joseph M. Gleason of Palo Alto, a progressive young priest who made an impassioned plea before a vast audience in one of the San Francisco theatres. Afterward a plainly dressed old man dropped a dollar into the collection box. "Here's my dollar," he said enthusiastically, "you've won me and my wife to-day. I've got seven sons and two sons-in-law, and I'm going home to put them in line for suffrage." Aside from distinguished individuals, it is significant that political parties, observing the growing popularity of the suffragettes, inserted woman-suffrage planks in their platforms—the Republicans, Democrats, Socialists, Prohibitionists, and the Independence League. Even young men who had just come into citizenship organized the First Voters' Club to help the campaign for mother.

In contrast are the perennial opponents who, as expected, appeared on the scene. They are always connected, directly or indirectly, with the plutocracy. This time they represented the Southern Pacific machine—or what is left of it since the Insurgents came into power—for in California, according to an accepted saying, "every politician listens for the tinkle of the train bell." As so-called "Committee of Fifty," they operated in Los Angeles shortly before the election, loudly protesting against woman suffrage from a "sense of chivalry." Among members are ex-Senator Frank P. Flint, formerly the unsavory servant of the Southern Pacific; ex-Senator Cornelius Cole, exponent of the same system; and Oscar P. Lawler, former assistant to Ballinger and, like his superior officer, retired to private life—under pressure. These self-appointed defenders of the fair sex inspired Mrs. Shelley Tolhurst, ex-president of the Friday Morning Club, to satirize about the "Chocolate Soldier Brigade—Organized to Fight Women." Comparing them to "Gog and Magog, the old British war gods who hang in London Guildhall, and once a year are brought out to make the children laugh," she assured her colleagues that "they are horrid of mien and entirely hollow." Other suffragettes published amusing poems in the newspapers and in other ways roundly ridiculed them.

The Liquor Interests

ANOTHER familiar species who have strenuously fought every woman-suffrage campaign in this country are the liquor dealers. Appearing to have experienced a sudden change of opinion, they issued a statement, under authority of the Knights of the Royal Arch, disclaiming their antagonism. "We long ago made an investigation," it said in part, "in States where woman suffrage has been tried, and we learned that the liquor business has not been injured in the least by the woman's vote." The unconvinced campaigners remembered that in the previous contest the fatal blow was struck ten days before election, when the Liquor Dealers' League met in San Francisco "to take such steps as are necessary to protect our business," and that subsequently instructions were sent to every saloon keeper in the State, saying: "We urge you to vote against the

You'll Know It Won't Leak When You See



The Ink Scoot Down

Make This Test Yourself

IN a "regular" fountain pen, standing point up in your vest pocket, is a straight feed tube. Below it is a space of air. Below the air is the ink.

The tube stays full of ink, even though the pen is standing point up.

Now, your body, 95° hot, warms the air in the air space. This makes it expand, and to get out, it pushes through the feed tube. It pushes out the feed tube ink, smearing up the writing end of the pen.

Down in a Parker Fountain Pen, is a curved feed tube. Below it is the air space, and below the air is ink, as per usual.

The instant you set your Parker in your pocket, that "Lucky Curve" feed tube sucks all the ink out, down into the reservoir, as you see. Thus the ink is out before the air gets warm and ascends.

What makes the "Lucky Curve" suck the ink? The end of the "Lucky Curve" feed tube, touching the wall of the barrel, creates Capillary Attraction. Capillary attraction is a force of Nature that makes flower stems suck water and lamp wicks suck oil.

Unscrew any Parker Fountain Pen; fill the feed tube with ink; touch the "Lucky Curve" to the barrel wall as in above picture; watch the ink scoot down. Thus prove there is no ink in the Parker feed tube to leak out and smear your fingers.

When writing, Parker Pens behave and stay on the job. Made plain, or with gold or silver mounting. Standard style Parker Pens, \$1.50 to \$2.50, according to size and ornamentation. Self Filling and Safety styles, \$2.50 and up. Jack Knife Safety Pen can be carried in any pocket in any position, and not leak.

New pocket clip cleverly withdraws into cap when you write, and comes out when you again put cap over the pen.

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About the Mysterious Power of Instinct

I've just been playing the Virtuolo. I wish I could tell my feelings.

"Something told me to close the top panel so I could not see the roll, and to close my eyes, too."

"What told me? Instinct!"

"I did! I put in 'Elizabeth's Prayer' from 'Tannhäuser'."

"I shut the panel in front of the roll; put my right fingers on the tempo lever; my left on the modulating buttons; closed my eyes and started to pedal."

"Yes, I know what it is to be thrilled to the core with golden music, but I never got hypnotized with music until I played instinctively with my eyes shut."

"I shut my eyes to thought and to reason—I shut out everything, and lost myself in the rhythm and the melody, the expression and the harmony, as they floated out of the piano."

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"It is the greatest sensation in the world—to play great music yourself—to play great music instinctively, with your eyes shut."

"Did I need any levers and buttons and stops and Italian ciphers and black dots and red lines and interpreting devices to guide me? No! A thousand times—no! They would only have spoiled the spell and brought me back to earth, back to things commonplace."

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"Immortal instinct told me always what to do."

"Get a Virtuolo player piano and play it instinctively with your eyes closed. Then try to describe the goose-flesh and the thrill and the ecstasy of joy that seizes and shakes the very foundations of your soul. Yes, try to describe it. You can't!"

THIS bit of description came in to us from one of our customers who has owned a Hallet & Davis piano for many years. In fact, the Hallet & Davis piano has been in their family for over fifty years.

We took it back in exchange and sold her a Virtuolo—the New Instinctive Player Piano—in a new Hallet & Davis piano.

Nothing that we have read yet describes the Instinctive Playing of the Virtuolo as well as the above.

The Virtuolo does away with mechanical player-piano music by doing

away with all of the interpreting machinery which you find on other player pianos. That interpreting machinery makes you use your reason, and when you use your reason, instinct cannot work. You can't think two thoughts at the same time, neither can you operate *instinct* and *reason* at the same time. You've got to operate one or the other.

If you operate *reason* in your playing, you drive out your *instinct*, and when you drive out *instinct* in connection with music, you have driven out all that is musical.

Musical is all instinct—never reason. It is created by instinct, and it is recreated (played) by instinct.

Therefore, when you play the Virtuolo you find yourself touching the right buttons under your fingers and getting effects your instinct calls for. The inventors of the Virtuolo found a means of complete control over the strings of the piano, which is entirely natural, easy and instinctive. One of these inventions is called the Acsolo buttons; another the Arometer.

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woman-suffrage amendment." This latest protest of innocence was precipitated by an "anti" pamphlet, signed "Veritas Vincit," and scattered broadcast, which was attributed to the Knights of the Royal Arch, but afterward traced to an ex-Methodist minister. These samples of so-called argument, calculated to make converts for suffrage, were given added publicity by the suffragettes: "Don't vote to ruin California—vote against the female amendment"; "Women are subject to the same corrupt influences as men and cannot withstand them as well, having weaker characters and more love for money"; "Woman would wield her newly acquired power with the might of a despot"; "Thousands of women's votes can be bought for one dollar each."

The "Antis"

ALLIED with these types, strangely enough, are the rich women, and in this campaign organized as the California Association Opposed to Suffrage for Women. The president is Mrs. George A. Caswell of Los Angeles, head of a school for wealthy girls. At the instigation of Miss Minnie Bronson, sent to California by Eastern antis, expensive headquarters were opened both in Los Angeles and San Francisco for active opposition; and on several occasions the antis met the suffragettes in public debate. Miss Mary Shaw, the actress, who declared that she would write a suffrage play with the comedy parts taken from the sayings of antisuffragists, would have been swamped with material. This statement, which sounds like the ex-Methodist minister, was solemnly made by Mrs. William Forse Scott of New York at a meeting in Oakland: "I speak for the majority of women—women are weaker physically, mentally, and morally than men."

To compensate for this "banded imbecility of women," as Charlotte Perkins Gilman calls it, were suffragettes in other States who eagerly stretched their helping hands—heaped with dollars—across the continent. The "self-denial week" observed by members of the Woman's Suffrage party of New York, which netted \$2,000, illustrates the personal sacrifices made for the campaign fund. Some clubs sent their most impressive speakers—the Hon. Alma Lafferty, the orator of the Colorado Legislature; Miss Gail Laughlin, the Denver lawyer who lately won a case before the Supreme Court with an ex-governor as opponent; Miss Catherine Waugh McCulloch, another lawyer unique as Justice of the Peace at Evanston, Illinois; Miss Margaret Haley of Chicago, pioneer of the equal-pay-for-equal-work protest among school teachers; Miss Helen Todd, State Factory Inspector for Illinois; Mrs. Helen Hoy Greeley and Miss Jeannette Rankin of New York, district organizers of the Woman Suffrage party

—women who untiringly traveled, sometimes by stage, to carry their message even into remote mining camps.

These campaign orators improved the opportunity to air some of the motley statutes of California—statutes that will be speedily changed now that mother has a vote. They were compiled by Mrs. Alice Park of Los Angeles, who, in making the return trip from New York recently, pasted a big votes-for-women poster in her car window, and whenever the train stopped made a little speech to the interested crowd at the station. One of these objectionable laws provides for the father as sole guardian of minor children—that is, if they are legitimate; otherwise they are shifted to the care of the mother. Another gives the husband absolute control of the wife's earnings, the late decision of the court of Los Angeles in a divorce case offering a striking illustration. A woman, working in a café, made her claim for non-support because her husband had never given her one cent. As she had handed over her wages to him, as obliged by law, and he in turn refunded small amounts for her expenses, the judge concluded that the wife had been supported by her husband! Still another phase of the same question is involved in the "community property" of a husband and wife, which sounds as if it belonged to both partners. As a matter of fact, though she earned it, the wife may not will away her half of it—not even to her children—unless she survives her husband. Sometimes it happens that a husband's remarriage and the spending of the money by the second wife entirely cuts out the children. A fourth instance—to cite one more—pertains to the penalty for stealing a little girl—ten years of age—the same as for appropriating a mule or a calf. This is encouraging because, prior to the last Legislature, the stolen little girl ranked with the stolen pig!

The First Test

THE first test of mother as lawmaker, however, will be the local election at Los Angeles early in December. Undoubtedly, in anticipation of becoming "municipal mothers," its women, during the campaign, conceived the Woman's City Club—the charter membership was five hundred—expressly to fit themselves for the duties of municipal housekeeping. The president is Mrs. Andrew Stewart Lobinger, a physician. Their lately enfranchised sisters to the north—the Washington women—precisely three months after they won the vote, showed them how to make a clean sweep by ousting Hiram C. Gill, the "wide-open" Mayor of Seattle—an incident over which the country is still chuckling—and the California women, it is confidently expected, will wield with the same Western spirit the business end of their ballot broom.

A Savage Comes in Contact with Civilization

(Concluded from page 15)

taken, and with the help of the interpreter much has been learned of his history and of the customs of the Yana tribe.

Yet there is nothing undeveloped about him; he has the mind of a man and is a man in every sense. With the exception of the habits which he has acquired by his manner of living, he is thoroughly normal. He imitates readily and seems to adapt himself to the usages of civilization very quickly, but he has not the least initiative.

Nine-tenths of that which goes on around him he does not understand, for all the conditions of his new manner of living are so totally different that he accepts everything at its face value and never thinks of questioning anything. He is no longer bewildered, he just accepts. It is as though we were to visit the moon. We would get used to the novelty of it in a short time, and then, when the surprise had worn off, while we understood nothing of what was going on about us, we should learn to take it all for granted.

Refuses to Learn English

"I HAVE," said Professor Kroeber, "tried to teach him English, but he will not learn it. He repeats the words after me readily enough, but when he is told to use them he refuses. I try to teach him to count, and he understands the meaning of the words, but he refuses to use them. I thought at first that if he were thrown upon his own resources he would learn to take care of himself, but he has been alone so long that it does not seem to matter whether anyone understands him or not. When he talks to me, although Sam Batwee may not be present, he uses his own tongue and appears to be just as happy although he knows I cannot understand it all. He knows that if he were himself he would first person who

came along. He does not consider himself a part of the civilization about him, and makes no effort to become a part of it. While he has learned to wear clothes, to wash his face, and seems perfectly happy in his surroundings, he is no more fit to go out into the world now than he was a month ago. His attitude toward everything about him is just like that of a puppy. He comes running when you call him, and if you were to tell him to stand on his head, if he were able he would do it without hesitation.

"For a time I believed that he was unhappy, but when Batwee asked him if he would rather live with the white men or the Indians, he said he preferred to stay where he was.

"What is to become of him, I cannot imagine. He does not want to go with the Indians, and we cannot keep him and feed him forever. He has been very valuable in giving us information about the customs of his people, all of which he remembers very well, and if I can arrange it, we may give him something to do about the museums, so that he can earn his living.

"It is almost unbelievable," continues Professor Kroeber. "Here is a man, the last remnant of a once proud and warlike tribe, who, through terror of the white man, has successfully hidden himself away from human sight for forty years. Surrounded on all sides by white men and civilized Indians of other tribes, he has lived like a hunted beast, more completely alone than Robinson Crusoe on his remote island, never exchanging a word with them, permitting no human eye to see him. We find that he has perceptive powers far keener than those of highly educated white men. He reasons well, has a keen sense of humor, is gentle, thoughtful and courteous, and has a higher type of mentality than most Indians."

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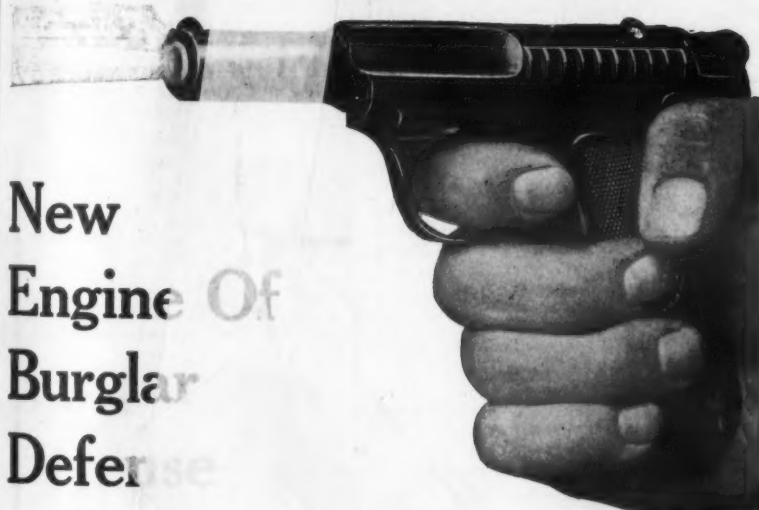
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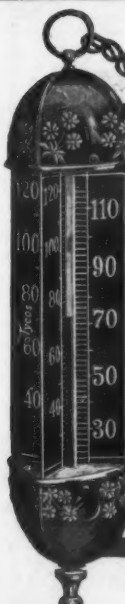
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THE UNION ARMS COMPANY

Campaigning

(Continued from page 18)

Maderistas. The automobile would stop, the horses would keep on, and between the two it seemed as if somebody must be crushed. People on foot would disappear, under the horses' hoofs apparently, and a moment later bob up grinning and quite unhurt. Out of all the crowd through which we fought our way, in fact, I saw no one hurt or even seriously concerned.

It must not be thought that Mr. Madero's path was entirely strewn with roses, although they fell in showers from the balconies in every street through which his carriage passed. Mr. Pino Suarez, whom he was trying to make the people accept as Vice-President instead of Dr. Vasquez Gomez, the Madero representative in Washington last winter and the logical candidate until a few weeks ago, was very unpopular. The trip was made to boost his chances quite as much as to help Madero himself.

They were especially opposed to Suarez in Guadalajara. The people of this attractive city, which the Mexicans often call the Pearl of the Occident, are supposed to be very *inteligente*, of a very *alta cultura*—in short, to think for themselves. They received Madero with overwhelming enthusiasm, but in the big mass meeting which followed they would not let him nor any one else speak of Suarez. Madero tried it, and his best speakers—and one of them, Señor Uruteta, is an orator who could hold his own anywhere—tried it, and they were howled down.

Mr. Suarez Speaks

THAT night, from the balcony of the house in which he was dining, he did finally get the people to receive and let Mr. Suarez (the latter is an amiable young lawyer and journalist, whose first name, which means "pine," has been twisted into every imaginable sarcasm by the comic papers of the capital) speak for himself. He knew that he was leading a forlorn hope, and it was interesting to see how he went at it, how he went straight for that instinctive fondness for the aristocratic, the grand air, the thing fine, exclusive, superior in a rather literary way, which is so often characteristic of Latin America.

With an English-speaking audience the appeal would probably have been to their instinct for a fight or for fair play—"Now look here, men, give me a chance," and so on. Mr. Suarez, on the other hand, could scarcely express his pleasure at meeting these people of the State of Jalisco; these people so intelligent, of such an altitude of culture. If any had been so rude as to interrupt him, they were of a lower order of society, not the people of Jalisco, the Guadalupeans, whose intellectual distinction, refinement, and grace of manner were everywhere known and admitted. This was Mr. Suarez's method, and he got away with it.

An Ingratiating Orator

I HEARD other speakers try the same method on other occasions—none more quaintly than one the next evening at the railroad eating station at Iguala. It was almost impossible here for Mr. Madero to fight his way to the dining room. As he and his followers were milling toward the door, a young man suddenly climbed up on something and, throwing out both his arms, shouted "¡Silencio! ¡Silencio!" several times. And, fighting for a mere foothold, he did not threaten the crowd nor try to shame them, but in the melodious, polysyllabic Spanish, which seems at such moments so curiously nebulous and indirect, he begged his fellow citizens to remember that now was the time for them to give a triumphant and transcendental proof of the high attitude of intelligence and culture and sympathy for which their town had been long and justly known.

From Guadalajara Mr. Madero swung over to Guanajuato, a feat which he performed with the true candidate's inexhaustible vitality, by riding all night in a day coach. His Japanese valet, Federico, who seems to speak all languages and know all things, even how to take the seats of a day coach apart and mysteriously create a comfortable bed, assisted in this feat, and Mr. Pino Suarez also shared the honor of sleeping horizontally, but the seats were so close together and so drowsed we could.

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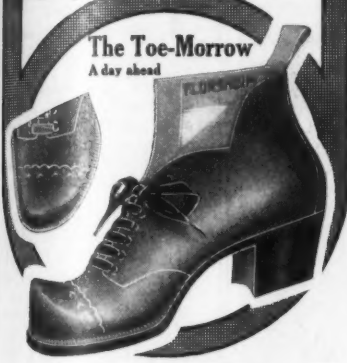
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Write for our free booklet "The Florsheim Way of Foot-Fitting," showing styles that are different

The Florsheim Shoe Company
Chicago U. S. A.



The Toe-Morrow
A day ahead

TYPEWRITER STAND 100% PRACTICAL

Any business man who is looking for the highest efficiency in every detail of his business finds just what he wants in this **UHL ART STEEL** Typewriter Stand and Cabinet. It costs less—saves office space—occupies only 4 sq. ft. as against 10 sq. ft. for the ordinary folding desk—is moved from office to office easily—holds enough stationery for a week's heavy work.

Let us show you—on 15 days' Free Trial—how it helps the stenographer do more work—sit where she saves light and space—where an ordinary desk would not go. Let us show you that a half-turn of a lever raises or lowers casters, making stand right on floor or easily movable. Write us on your business stationery. If the trial does not convince you, every penny you spend will be refunded. Full particulars on request. Send today for local dealer's name or direct shipment proposition if no office supply dealer is near you.



The Toledo Metal Furniture Co., 2095 Dorr St., Toledo, O.
Makers of the Famous Uhl Art Steel Furniture

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Cook's 40th Annual Series of Tours de Luxe, Last Departures from New York Nov. 4, 28, Jan. 6. Small private parties. Best arrangements. Send for Program C.

Program for Egypt and the Nile ready. Fall Tour to the Orient, Egypt and Holy Land leaves Nov. 30.

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245 Broadway, 264 5th Ave., NEW YORK

THE HONE DOES IT

The D. & H. Honer and Stropper hones all makes of safety blades on a stone hone, finishes on a leather strap like the barber. At all dealers.

Price, \$3.00 Complete, prepaid. Send for catalog. A. C. HAYDEN & CO. Brockton, Mass.

They knew everywhere, in some mysterious way, that we were coming. At every station were people and pathetic, little, out-of-tune bands, and once, far in the night, the sound of children's voices singing the national hymn came wistfully after us as we rolled, without stopping, through their little town.

A Serenade

ARRIVING at Guanajuato several hours before the psychological moment for a popular idol to appear, we backed down to wait at a little suburb called Marfil. Guanajuato might be in oldest Spain or Tibet, or anywhere but in the New World, and it was not surprising, therefore, a few moments after our arrival, that four sorry-looking musicians should appear out of nowhere and with them a number of little Mexican boys carrying tissue-paper flags, and a somewhat seedy-looking individual, who assured us that the people of Marfil were of a high order of intelligence because he taught them himself.

He was keenly disappointed when told that Señor Madero was still asleep, but he directed the four musicians to play the national hymn nevertheless—"after obtaining permission of the local authorities," as he explained to them, "which I shall do afterward." When Mr. Madero finally did awake and come out to get his breakfast in a little *cantina* near by, most of the population of Marfil gathered about the tavern door. They looked through the keyhole; one of their number, unable to restrain his enthusiasm any longer, expressed it by discharging a pistol several times in the air, and when the door finally did open the whole crowd, with that sense of the picturesque which is so instinctive with Mexicans, formed an aisle, made a little arch with their tissue-paper flags, and the candidate passed under it, bowing to their "Virus" as he came.

At noon in Guanajuato, that day, Mr. Madero sat down to a banquet as well done as anything of the sort would be in the best restaurants of New York, but such things are not, I take it, what one is really interested in here. Wealth and what goes with it was an old story in Mexico when the United States was still a wilderness. It is the people in the street, the men who yell for "Ponchito," and "El Chapparito," the villagers who gather about the car platform to listen to the candidate talk and even tell him what they think ought to be done; it is Mexico's first real political campaign—or the approach to it—which is worth reporting.

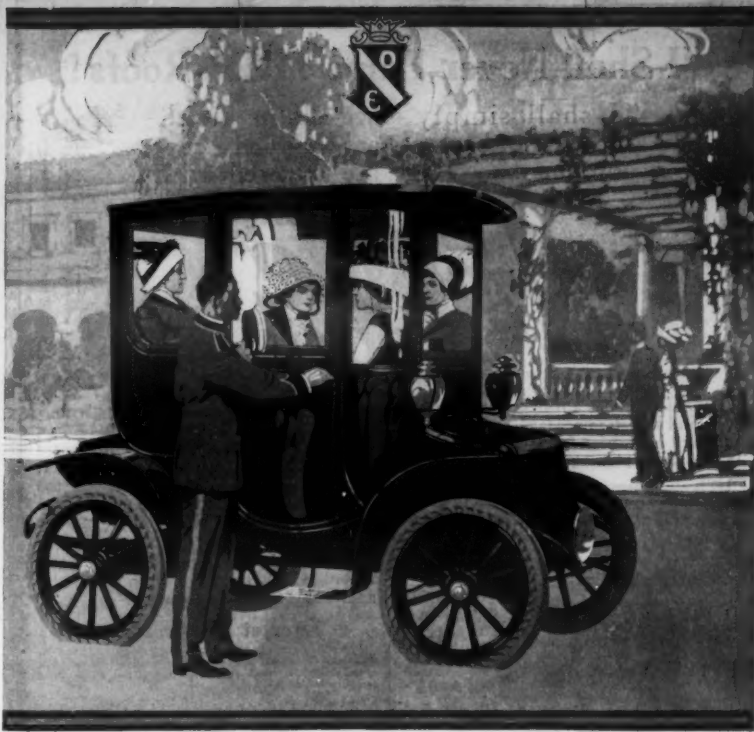
Mr. Madero may be this or that. He is not in the least a "strong" man in the Diaz sense of the word. He has none of that powerful magnetism, that Gibraltar-like assurance and calm. He is an energetic, worried little man, full of modern, humane ideas. His strength is the strength of sympathy rather than that of force—of what he inspires rather than compels.

He is a dreamer in so far as he thinks that there may be a future for the Mexican people, built not so much on reason as on faith—just as an army is as brave as it thinks it is. He was certainly not a dreamer when he said that the vitality of the Mexican people would be destroyed if they did not have more justice and more chance to think for themselves.

Conquering an Altar

IT WAS this idea which could not be beaten rather than the man that stood as its symbol. As the scholarly Mr. Francisco Bulnes remarked in the Chamber of Deputies the other day—that delightfully amusing place where the galleries and even the newspaper reporters join in the debate, cheer and hiss the speakers, and the orator bows to the "Bravos" just as if he were a tenor at the opera—as Mr. Bulnes remarked, in voting against a postponement of the election: "You can conquer a man, but you cannot conquer an altar. And you cannot conquer the revolution, because the revolution is Mexico."

As this is being written, the votes are being cast all over Mexico—grotesquely often, as is almost inevitable under the old electoral laws, but with at least a semblance of "free and universal suffrage." When it is being read the electors chosen to-day will have already declared Mr. Madero President. Then comes this little man's real task—living up to the almost impossible ideal into which the people's yearnings and hopes have raised him.



The OHIO ELECTRIC

THERE is a delightful individuality and elegance about the new Ohio Electric Brougham, that stamps it at once as luxurious and beautiful. Its peculiar fitness for

solid tires, makes it the ideal car for town and country use. The long wheel base, large wheels and wonderful resilient springs, makes possible a degree of riding comfort unequalled by any other electric car in the world.

Model K is equipped with Ohio special shaft drive without univer-

sal joints—(patented). Dodge magnetic controller—(patented). 34 x 4 Solid or Pneumatic tires. Exide and Ohio Batteries. Ironclad or Edison batteries at additional cost. Colors—Ohio Blue, Green or Maroon. Upholstery—finest imported broadcloth or goatskin. Price—fully equipped,—\$2900 f. o. b. Toledo.

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Along the Coast Across the Gulf of Mexico
Southern Pacific Steamships

Suites, Staterooms, Baths, Promenade Decks, Excellent Cuisine
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TRADE MARK
THE IDEAL MATERIAL FOR MAKING CHRISTMAS PRESENTS
Gives the rich appearance, "feel" and wear of hide leather, but costs much less and is as easily worked as cloth, for shopping bags, collar cases, music rolls, infants' booties and bibs, table and chair covers, pillows, etc. All colors from black to white, all grains. Booklet free. FABRIKOID WORKS, Dept. W., 317 Wilmington, Del.
E. I. Du Pont de Nemours Powder Company, Owner.

"I Shall Never Paint Those Roofs!"

"I shall simply leave them alone. It will not be necessary to spend a cent on them." They are covered with

Amatite ROOFING

AMATITE has a real mineral surface and therefore needs no painting.

There have been other ready roofings in the past which had a mineral surface, but they were not practical.

Amatite, however, is successful because the mineral matter is embedded in pitch. Pitch is very tough and has great adhesive power. Year after year those roofs will give

faultless service without anybody giving a thought to them. This is the kind of roofing to have! The day of these smooth coated roofings that require a heavy coat of paint every year or two is past. They cost too much to maintain. You can spend more money on the paint alone during the ten years than a new Amatite roof would cost.

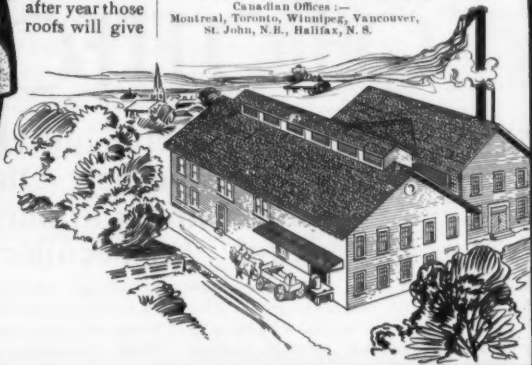
A free sample of Amatite Roofing and a booklet can be obtained on request by addressing the nearest office.

Everjet Elastic Paint

A very low-priced black paint—very tough and durable. Stands heat so well that it can be used on boilers. For wood or metal, ready roofings, fences, iron work, farm implements, tanks, etc.

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ÆTNA Ten Dollar Combination

In the extent and variety of protection this policy gives, it is without a rival. For \$10 a year this policy pays

\$2,250.00 for death from travel or burning building accident
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WOMAN TO-DAY

A WOMAN who came to Kansas in the days when cowboys used to ride through the streets shooting up everything in sight, who lived in a sod house, who broke the virgin soil with oxen hitched to her plow, this is the woman who, under the feminine régime of Hunnewell, has been made town marshal—Mrs. Rosie Osborn weighs 225 pounds and is very strong. She can handle the most troublesome cases. Nevertheless, to see her sitting quietly in her Methodist church seat and singing good old Methodist hymns, she is not a picture to suggest the violence of the law—rather, she calls up visions of maternal mince pies and quilting bees. But she is the marshal who, on her way to church one Sunday, heard a commotion in a Main Street card room and resolved on prompt action. She went to the church for Mrs. Ella Wilson, the Mayor, and Mrs. Hilton, the City Clerk, took them back with her, and arrested the acting postmaster, the deputy sheriff, a merchant, a farmer, and several others who work intermittently. The men were subsequently arraigned in the justice's court, where they pleaded guilty and were fined.

A LITTLE house in a rural England with a garden in which a little girl can play is the one thing desired by Mme. Curie. Apparently little Miss Curie is more than radium, yea than much fine radium to a mother who has turned her back upon the Paris society which seeks her, upon the laboratory which offers her world fame, to hunt out a quiet spot in England where her daughter can have the change of air needed.

MAJOR BELLE REYNOLDS was commissioned by Governor Dick Yates, war governor of Illinois, for her heroic service at the battle of Shiloh. She came from her California home recently to attend the fiftieth anniversary of her regiment, the Seventeenth Illinois. She is said to be the only woman holding a commission in the United States army.

THE engineering department of the University of Michigan last season graduated its second woman student, Miss Lillian Pearl McOmber. She is the first graduate from that department to take a degree of Bachelor of Science in architectural engineering. This sounds in no way compatible with "a mate, as complexion and great violet eyes," and yet these are the descriptive terms of a reporter's admiring pen. Miss McOmber will specialize in steel structural work when she enters a city office.

THE dodder weed, which for long has preyed upon the wheat, oats, and alfalfa of the State of Washington, is now being preyed upon in turn by Miss Louise M. Allen, a member of the State Department of Dairy and Food Inspection. A seed-testing bureau has been installed in

Seattle, and Miss Allen's autumn task is to conduct seed analyses. With a microscope and a pair of tweezers she goes over masses of seeds, literally pinching all suspicious characters among them, that the farmers of the State may have on hand only pure seed free from parasites.

THE remarkable and honorable task of completing certain mural paintings of Edwin A. Abbey has been given to Miss Violet Oakley, the Philadelphia artist. They are the friezes of the Pennsylvania capitol, works which were to net the artist \$300,000. The Board of Public Grounds and Buildings searched for long before choosing Miss Oakley, but she had already achieved success in decorating the Governor's reception room, and she was in line for the next duty. "The Spirit of Religious Liberty" and "The Spirit of Vulcan" are two of the most important canvases upon which she will work.



A Kansas town marshal

THE photography of children is becoming one of the happiest specialties in which women are earning a livelihood. Every mother who has adorned her offspring in his most magnificent array and borne him to the photographic studio knows the agonies of a bungling operator who frightens the infant into hysterics before beginning to operate. A woman who is wise in the management of children has everything in her favor. Mrs. W. W. Pearce reached such broadly known success in an Illinois town that babies have been carried to her Waukegan studio from points as remote as Chicago and Evanston. Both the American and the Dresden salons have recently hung her work.

MRS. MAURICE HEWLETT possesses a pilot's certificate for aviation. She is said to be the first British woman to gain this certificate, to rise above 100 feet, and to do a right-hand turn. She is a partner in a flying-school at Brooklands.

SHOULD the college curriculum be modified? is the main topic of discussion at the annual meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae this month in New York City. Much stress is laid upon doing away with some branches only distantly related to the girl's future life, and the giving of more time to courses in personal hygiene in its social and ethical relations, to the hygiene of childhood, to hygiene of environment, and to general biology and bacteriology. A broader knowledge of political science, of law as it bears upon a woman's life, and of the status of woman in industry are suggested.

A DOGS' tea party took place upon an English lawn at the Canine Nurse Institute, to the delight of several socially inclined canines plus one feline who was called upon to show the diplomacy of a Montague in an assembly of Capulets. Many distinguished dogs were among



A dogs' tea party at the Canine Nurse Institute in England



How a College Professor

Made Delicious Morsels by Exploding Wheat and Rice

Prof. A. P. Anderson, formerly of Columbia University, thus solved the problem of exploding grain. And he gave to you all Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—the most enticing cereal foods you know.

In each kernel of grain lies a percentage of moisture, which heat will turn to steam. If the steam is confined, and the heat is sufficient, an explosive force is created.

The moisture permeates every food granule. To explode it means blasting those granules to pieces. And that means to make the cereals twice as digestible as by any other process known.

Shot From Mammoth Guns

Prof. Anderson did this by building bronze-steel guns. The grains are put into them, then sealed up steam-tight.

The gun is revolved for sixty minutes in a furnace heat—a heat of 550 degrees. Thus the grain is cooked to a plastic mass, and the moisture turned to steam.

When the gun is unsealed that steam explodes. There is a separate explosion inside of each grain—inside of each

granule of grain. The millions of food particles are blasted to pieces. The grains are puffed to eight times normal size—made four times as porous as bread.

The plastic walls are expanded and crisped. A myriad cells are created. Yet the coats of the grain are unbroken. That's how you get these curious foods which everyone delights in.

How Folks Like Them Best

In the morning one serves them with sugar and cream, or mixes them with fruit. And the taste is like toasted nuts.

For luncheons or suppers they are served in milk. They are like fairy wafers, crisp and porous. And they are whole-grain foods.

They are used like nuts in candy making and as garnish for ice cream. They are eaten dry, like peanuts, sprinkled with a little salt.

There is no other food made from wheat or rice so delightful as these puffed grains. Your grocer is always supplied.

Puffed Wheat, 10c

Except in Extreme West

Puffed Rice, 15c

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—CHICAGO



The Creator of "Mr. Dooley" in a New Role

Finley Peter Dunne, creator of "Mr. Dooley" and "Mr. Worldly Wiseman," will be a regular contributor to the NEW SIZE METROPOLITAN. Every month, beginning with the November number, he will write his observations of men and affairs under the departmental heading, "From the Bleachers." Witty and wise, it will be Mr. Dunne at his best. The hundreds of thousands who enjoyed "Mr. Dooley" will welcome the creator of the Irish Philosopher in a new role.

Other Features

Maurice Hewlett's latest and best novel "Mrs. Lancelot." Herbert Reed on the Football Outlook. Washington News by Angus McSweeney. Interesting People by F. Cunliffe-Owen. Richard Harding Davis—"Gentlemen, The Road." Stories by Gouverneur Morris, Virginia Tracy, and Arnold Bennett.

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"Oh, that's only a little scratch," is what one usually hears when apparently insignificant, everyday accidents happen.

But very often—so often one can never tell when—the "little scratches," the little cuts, wounds, pricks, burns and bruises, become infected; infection causes inflammation and blood poisoning—the consequences of which no one can foretell.

Dioxogen affords the simplest, safest and surest method of pre-

venting infection; Dioxogen destroys harmful germs; its use is in accord with the very best surgical and hospital treatment. Bellevue Hospital in New York has used seven tons of Dioxogen in one year.

Dioxogen is ideal for use in the home because it is nonpoisonous and absolutely harmless; it consists of water and oxygen; no bad results can come from its misapplication. Children can use it as safely and as efficiently as "grown ups."

OTHER USES OF DIOXOGEN

The use of Dioxogen as a gargle or throat spray is the best preventive of sore throat, tonsillitis and many other infectious diseases which start in the throat and later affect other parts of the body. Its use in cleansing the mouth and teeth is a recognized practice by dentists. Dioxogen is used and recommended in dental

colleges and by dental practitioners everywhere.

It is also used after shaving, for manicuring, for chapped hands and face, for the complexion and a hundred other toilet and medicinal purposes, all based upon correct scientific principles. To those who know Dioxogen, it is a necessity in the home.

Buy Dioxogen from Your Drug Dealer, or Write for a Free Trial Bottle

So many drug dealers carry Dioxogen that the statement "you can get Dioxogen from your local dealer" means something. In the territory covered by this newspaper it is on sale in almost every store where drugs are handled. There are three sizes: Small (5 1/2 oz.), 25c; medium (10 1/2 oz.), 50c; large (20 oz.), 75c. Don't make any mistake—get real Dioxogen. Occasionally, dealers offer "peroxide of hydrogen" when Dioxogen is called for. It is not the same thing and should not be so represented. Get what you ask for—Dioxogen.

A FREE TRIAL OFFER

Some people like to try before they buy. To those we say: Write for a free (2 oz.) trial bottle. We are glad to assume the burden of proof; we will stand all the expense of the trial, for Dioxogen sells on its merits—not on its advertising. Everyone does not know about Dioxogen, and the advertising is simply the means of introduction. Buy Dioxogen from your drug dealer or write for the trial bottle now—before you forget.

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Mr. Purchasing Agent, isn't that the inevitable question when you are about to buy supplies?

In your office can you find all the facts in a few seconds? If you will

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No two purchasing departments need exactly the same system and we do not pretend that this book will fit every detail, but it will give you valuable suggestions. It is a digest of our 30 years' experience devising record and filing systems to meet just such requirements as yours.

We shall be glad to plan a simple, efficient "Y and E" system for your office without cost to you, when you are ready.

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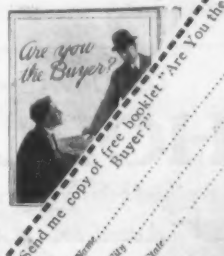
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In place of leather bellows or rubber diaphragms, which
from their very nature must soon leak and wear out—
The Sturtevant vacuum cleaner has a revolving fan.

It is the same fan principle by which
other Sturtevant machines suck great
cargoes of wheat from the holds of
ships—simple, powerful, steady.

There is nothing to the Sturtevant ex-
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Yet it has made over the whole pro-
cess of vacuum cleaning.

It has swept away every vestige of
complex mechanism.

It has replaced perishable parts with
steel and aluminum which years of use
cannot impair.

It has produced a cleaning power of
a continuous efficiency never known be-
fore, yet so regular in its action that it
will not injure the most delicate fabric.

It has freed household vacuum clean-
ing from every drawback. It realizes
a new ideal of cleanliness, of health,
of comfort.

It not only cleans but renovates.
With its ten special tools it cleans
every sort of surface and reaches every
corner. It will more than pay for itself
every year it is used.

If you would like to know all that household vacuum cleaning can be—If
you would like to see why you can't afford not to have a vacuum cleaner—
SEND FOR OUR BOOKLET 120.

B. F. STURTEVANT COMPANY, Hyde Park, Mass.

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Machines may also be seen and purchased at offices of
WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY

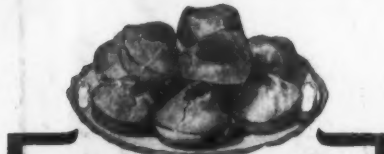
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PLAIN MUFFINS

What a delightfully appetizing Breakfast
Dish is a plate of Muffins, just baked to a
turn! To get a highly satisfactory result,
with richness and rare flavor, use

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

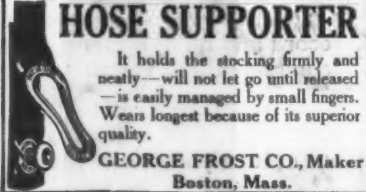
RECIPE—Put one beaten egg to one cup
Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk and
three cups water; add a little salt, one teaspoon
of yeast, with flour sufficient to make a stiff
batter. Beat overnight. Have the griddle on
the range all night to insure that it is properly
heated, by morning, and bake quickly on top of
range in muffin rings four inches
across. Tear them open to
batter; do not cut them.



Write for
Borden's Recipe Book
**BORDEN'S
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"Leaders of Quality"
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For Lively Little People
For Sale in Stores Everywhere
Children's sample pair, 16c. postpaid (1917 AUG)



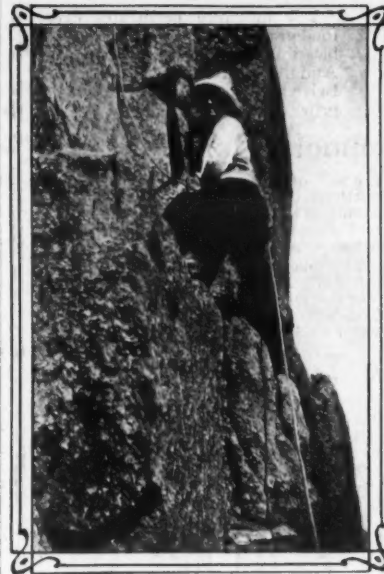
Have Your Little Boys and Girls Wear
Velvut Grip
(RUBBER BUTTON)
HOSE SUPPORTER
It holds the stocking firmly and
neatly—will not let go until released
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Wears longest because of its superior
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ORIGINAL—GENUINE
HORLICK'S
Rich milk and malted-grain extract, in powder. A quick lunch.
Avoid Imitations—Ask for "HORLICK'S"—Everywhere

those present; some of the prize King
Charles spaniels which took part in the
pageant of the Festival of Empire, two
of these belonging to Mrs. L. Collins,
authoress and playwright. The cat was
the mascot of Mlle. Dolli, première
danseuse.

THE claim made for Miss Lucille Mor-
gan of Alabama, that she was the
only girl member of a corn club, is chal-
lenged by the friends of Miss Effie Drum-
mond, who say that this young lady has
been a member of the Milam County Boys'
Corn Club in Texas for several years. No
doubt the young farmeresses will gladly
share the honor of encouraging the South-
ern lads to show their mettle.

THE conquest of the summit of Mount
McKinley is to be attempted by Miss
Dora Keen, the Philadelphian who has been
distinguishing herself in the Alps. The



Miss Dora Keen
An enthusiastic Alpine climber

young woman apparently takes as kindly
to the perpendicular as the enterprising
fly, and has shown the utmost courage and
endurance in the face of mountain-climb-
ing hardships.

IT is a curious fact in the psychology
of the matinee girl that she will not
purchase a machine-coated chocolate cream
if she be an epicure among her kind.
Only the cheap creams are dipped by ma-
chine, all of the high-grade ones are hand-
dipped, for no machine knows how to give
the little curly topknot which seems to
be the hall-mark of distinction. Dealers
say that the smooth product will not sell
to the most fastidious patrons. This odd
and apparently unimportant fact is so far-
reaching in its effect that it causes the
employment of hundreds upon hundreds
of deft girl dippers.

THE Kaiserin is an up-to-date house-
keeper who personally supervises the
menus for a household of 500 persons.
She looks over all the plans for remodel-
ing her kitchens, and insists upon having
the newest electrical and labor-saving ap-
pliances. But she never neglects such old-
fashioned duties as the preserving during
each summer, herself directing what fruits
shall be chosen by the cooks who prepare
the preserves. Each morning the menus
for lunch and dinner are brought to her
apartment, and she goes over them care-
fully, altering here and there, adding a
dish which she thinks may please her
royal husband.

PRUNES and dried peaches carried a
California boy through college. Not
that he sustained nature by means of such
spirituelle diet. But his mother raised
the prunes and dried the peaches, to the
end that she fattened her bank account
and bravely maintained the little farm
home in the region of San José. With the
surplus she paid the college expenses and
carried out her pet ambition for her son.

AGRETTES are reported as being smug-
gled into Philadelphia and sent on
to New York for disposal. The first arrest
in the latter city, which has been made
under the new law forbidding the sale of
these feathers, was recently made by Agent
Steenburgh of the Bureau of Marine Fish-
eries and Conservation Commission. Mr.
Steenburgh claimed that Mrs. H. B. Mc-
Culloch had offered eighty aigrettes for
sale, and that, if found guilty, she would
be liable to a fine of \$2,000, in addition to
the fine of \$60 for offering the feathers

and the additional \$25 for each feather
offered.

SENORA DONNA LEONOR AMELIA
DA SILVA of Portugal has been ap-
pointed by her Government to the position
of Subinspector of Public Health in Oporto.
The Portuguese writer, Donna Carolina
Michaelis da Vasconcelos, has also been
given a Government appointment—that of
Professor Ordinary of the Society of Philo-
logia Germanica of the Universities of Lis-
bon and Coimbra. The position has been
granted in honor of her services to lit-
erature.

A COLLEGE-TRAINED woman, Anna
G. Noyes, has put herself on record
as the mother of a healthy baby which she
believes to be a healthier baby because of
her own education. Solving problems in
geometry, she states, trained her brain to
the point where it could cope with the
problems of pasteurized milk, barley, and
oatmeal. Classroom lectures on hygiene
impressed upon her the necessity of pure
air, water, and food. A course in logic she
holds responsible for the accurate and
serviceable record she has kept of the de-
tails of her son's treatment and growth.
From eighteen months to two years he has
hammered nails and walked up and down
six flights of stairs holding to the banis-
ter. He is much of an athlete in a whole-
some and sane fashion.

WHETHER to admire the possibly less
sane juvenile achievements of Edith
Marguerite Wilson rests with public sen-
timent. I came across her a mile below the
top of Mount Wilson, where I sank, breath-
less, after hours of climbing, upon a bench
at her parents' wayside inn, and begged for
hot tea, while Edith Marguerite chuckled
in superior fashion at my weariness and
told me how she held the woman's record
for the ascent of the mountain. She is now
nine, and about the size of the average
nine-year-old. Mount Wilson is as old as
the Bible at any rate, and its perpendicu-
lar altitude is 4,900 feet, which facts lend
importance to her feat. The distance
from the foot of the trail to the top is
seven and one-tenth miles, and she made it
in 1 hour 51 minutes and 50 seconds. The
former record was 2 hours 25 minutes.
While she talked she swung, twirled, looped,
dipped constantly on a bar which stretched
between trees, like a restless little animal
waiting to get loose. Her father has
trained her since she was two years old,
and this training required no unusual
diet. Her lessons are in charge of her
mother, and she studies all winter.

AN ornithologist's wife has proved ex-
ceedingly valuable to her learned
spouse in his profession. Mrs. William
Beebe accompanied her husband on a seven-
teen months' trip through Borneo, China,
and Japan, tracing the pheasant in behalf
of science. Mr. Beebe says that it was his
wife's ability to win the natives' confidence
that made it possible for him to gain their
cooperation. She took kindly, moreover,
to hair-raising adventures.

THAT Abel's theorems can be used to
do Bissell's problems in a quicker
and simpler manner than hitherto known
is not a matter of dramatic human interest
to the average person. The discovery, how-
ever, is of importance to Miss Clara Smith,
instructor of mathematics in Wellesley
College. It has caused her to be elected a
Fellow of the American Association for
the Advancement of Science, the problem
of Bissell having knotted the brows of
savants for nearly a century.

"GET thy spindle and thy distaff ready
and legislatures will send the bal-
lot," might be the motto of the Woman's
City Club of Los Angeles. To the num-
ber of eight hundred these enterprising
Westerners gathered Monday after Mon-
day, not haranguing for suffrage, but
stealthily making ready in case suffrage
is given them. They lunched in a body
at one of the hotels, hastened the simple
courses, and were ready to listen to ex-
pert talks on civic matters. Whether
the gas supply of a city should be mu-
nicipal, what improvements would help
under their own conditions, are the sort
of subjects thrashed out. They don't in-
tend to be caught napping now that the
vote is in their hands.

RAISING olives on a farm near Floren-
ce, Italy, for the American market is the
new task to which Miss Lydia Bushnell
Smith has assigned herself. She has been
secretary of the Student Hostel in Paris,
where twelve hundred young women, regis-
tered on the hostel's list, have called her
the "Love Secretary" because she would
have no written rules, and insisted upon
governing by friendly counsel and per-
sonal affection. She is a graduate of
Vassar College.

Marion

1912

This Car Created Its Own Class

The real superiority of Marion construction is not confined to any one feature, but is uniform throughout

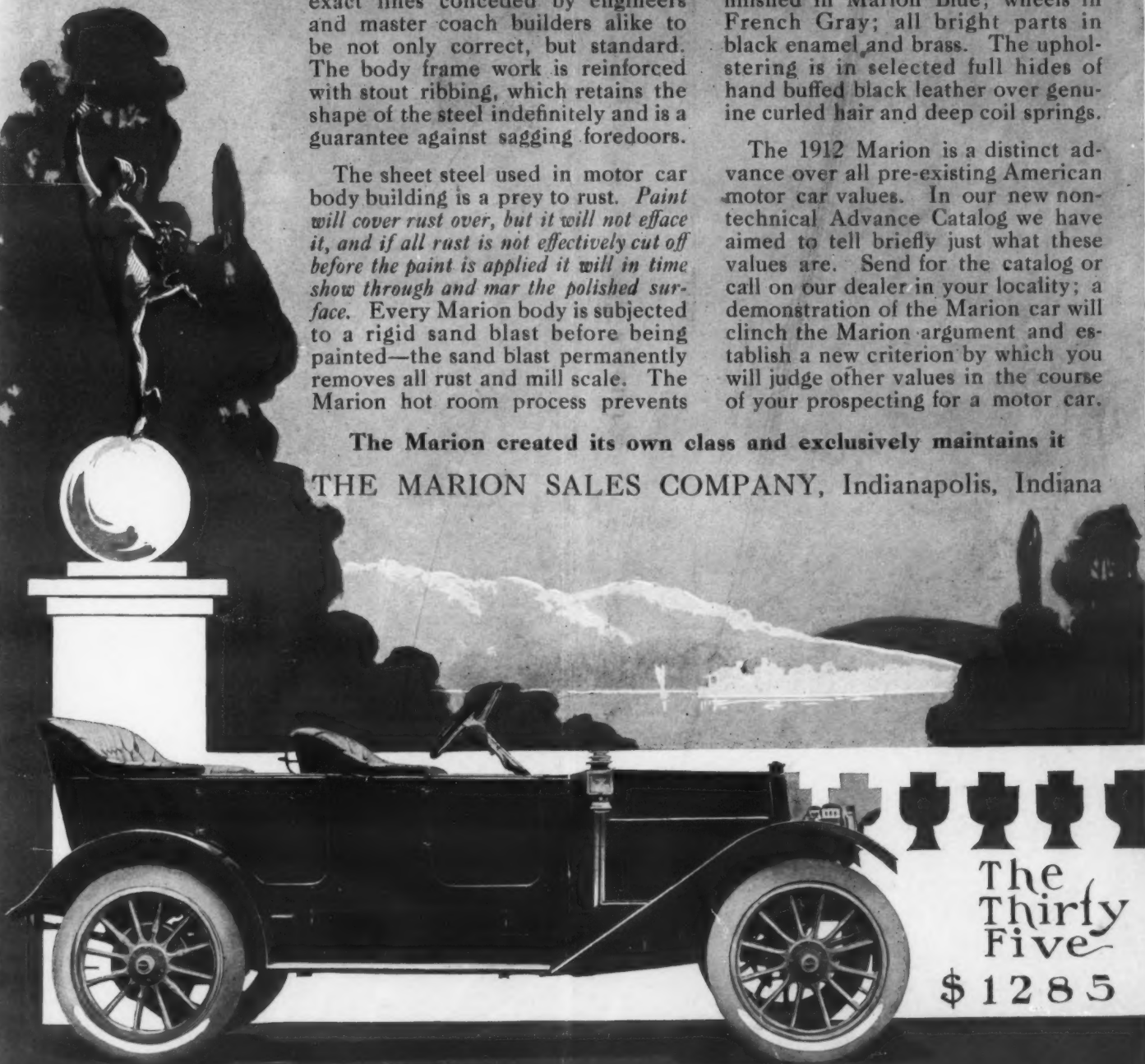
The predominating efficiency inherent in the Marion mechanical construction is again emphasized in the steel foredoor body—a classic in coach building—designed and constructed along those precise and exact lines conceded by engineers and master coach builders alike to be not only correct, but standard. The body frame work is reinforced with stout ribbing, which retains the shape of the steel indefinitely and is a guarantee against sagging foredoors.

The sheet steel used in motor car body building is a prey to rust. *Paint will cover rust over, but it will not efface it, and if all rust is not effectively cut off before the paint is applied it will in time show through and mar the polished surface.* Every Marion body is subjected to a rigid sand blast before being painted—the sand blast permanently removes all rust and mill scale. The Marion hot room process prevents

the paint from peeling—the use of elastic colors allows the metal to expand or contract in hot or cold weather. The fenders are double enameled and double baked at a temperature of 320°. The body is finished in Marion Blue; wheels in French Gray; all bright parts in black enamel and brass. The upholstery is in selected full hides of hand buffed black leather over genuine curled hair and deep coil springs.

The 1912 Marion is a distinct advance over all pre-existing American motor car values. In our new non-technical Advance Catalog we have aimed to tell briefly just what these values are. Send for the catalog or call on our dealer in your locality; a demonstration of the Marion car will clinch the Marion argument and establish a new criterion by which you will judge other values in the course of your prospecting for a motor car.

The Marion created its own class and exclusively maintains it
THE MARION SALES COMPANY, Indianapolis, Indiana



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Thirty
Five
\$1285

The Spirit of Thanksgiving

Prepare Generous Bounty

Pies to Make

Rolls to Bake

Bread to Bake

The Turkey

Is Only Half

The Dinner



Use **GOLD MEDAL FLOUR**
and Bake the Golden Harvest into Bread

EVENTUALLY — WHY NOT NOW?